

An Obituary

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LIKE I’VE NEVER BEEN GONE”**



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**FROM THE DEBRIS ON THE BERLIN STREETS
A NEW MUSICAL CHAOS IS CREATED**

by Chris Bohn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
		DOWN UNDER		
		Men At Work (Epic)	4	1
2	3	ELECTRIC AVENUE Eddy Grant (Ice)	3	2
3	13	SIGN OF THE TIMES Belle Stars (Stiff)	2	3
4	4	STEPPIN' OUT Joe Jackson (A & M)	4	5
5	2	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE Phil Collins (Virgin)	8	1
6	6	HEARTACHE AVENUE Maisonettes (Ready Steady Go)	5	6
7	26	TOO SHY Kajagoogoo (EMI)	2	7
8	15	GLORIA Laura Branigan (Atlantic)	3	8
9	7	THE STORY OF THE BLUES Wah (Eternal)	3	4
10	11	TWISTING BY THE POOL Dire Straits (Vertigo)	2	10
11	12	NEW YEARS DAY U2 (Island)	2	11
12	27	THE CUTTER Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	2	12
13	19	OH DIANE Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3	13
14	25	HOLD ME TIGHTER IN THE RAIN Billy Griffin (CBS)	2	14
15	5	EUROPEAN FEMALE The Stranglers (Epic)	4	5
16	30	UP WHERE WE BELONG Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)	2	16
17	8	ORVILLE SONG ... Keith Harris & Orville (BBC)	6	2
18	17	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT) Wham (Innervision)	11	3
19	10	CACHARPAYA Incantation (Beggars Benquet)	5	9
20	(—)	LAST NIGHT A DJ SAVED MY LIFE Indeep (Sound Of New York)	1	20
21	24	MIND UP TONIGHT Melba Moore (Capitol)	3	21
22	9	A WINTER'S TALE David Essex (Mercury)	6	2
23	16	BUFFALO GALS Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	8	7
24	18	ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD Dionne Warwick (Arista)	5	5
25	(—)	IN THE NAME OF LOVE Sharon Redd (Prelude)	1	25
26	(—)	THE CHINESE WAY Level 42 (Polydor)	1	26
27	14	OUR HOUSE Madness (Stiff)	9	5
28	(—)	NATURE BOY Central Line (Mercury)	1	28
29	23	SAVE YOUR LOVE Renee & Renato (Hollywood)	11	1
30	(—)	BILLIE JEAN Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	30



Sharon Redd claims the Number 25 spot in the name of love



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
		BUSINESS AS USUAL		
		Men At Work (Epic)	4	1
2	2	HELLO I MUST BE GOING Phil Collins (Virgin)	12	2
3	3	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION John Lennon (Parlophone)	10	1
3	20	NIGHT AND DAY Joe Jackson (A & M)	2	3
5	6	FELINE The Stranglers (Epic)	3	6
6	10	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	7	6
7	5	HEARTBREAKER Dionne Warwick (Arista)	13	2
8	7	THE ART OF FALLING APART Soft Cell (Some Bizarre)	3	7
9	24	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE Eddy Grant (Ice)	2	9
10	8	RIO Duran Duran (EMI)	32	2
11	12	CACHARPAYA Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	3	9
12	4	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS Various (Ronco)	6	4
13	13	KISSING TO BE CLEVER Culture Club (Virgin)	15	2
14	26	PEARLS II Elkie Brooks (A & M)	11	3
15	9	FRIENDS Shalamar (Solar)	19	4
16	19	LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits (Vertigo)	16	1
17	16	GREATEST HITS Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	10	11
18	11	LIVE EVIL Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	3	11
19	21	THRILLER Michael Jackson (Epic)	7	18
20	(—)	LIONEL RICHIE Lionel Richie (Mtown)	8	9
21	15	THE SINGLES— THE FIRST TEN YEARS Abba (Epic)	10	1
22	25	FROM THE MAKERS OF... Status Quo (Vertigo)	11	3
23	(—)	THE VERY BEST OF CILLA BLACK Cilla Black (Parlophone)	1	23
24	17	COMPLETE MADNESS Madness (Stiff)	27	1
25	27	SKY FIVE LIVE Sky (Ariola)	2	25
26	22	QUARTET Ultravox (Chrysalis)	9	6
27	28	DIG THE NEW BREED The Jam (Polydor)	6	2
28	23	RARITIES David Bowie (RCA)	2	23
29	18	MIDNIGHT LOVE Marvin Gaye (CBS)	7	11
30	(—)	DIFFICULT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS China Crisis (Virgin)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

- (1) Fat Man Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
- (2) Heartache Avenue Maisonettes (RSG)
- (14) It's Oblivious Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
- (19) Johnny Remember Me Meteors (ID)
- (3) Shipbuilding Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
- (4) Halloween Dead Kennedys (Statik)
- (—) New Age Blitz (Future)
- (13) Alice Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
- (6) Bela Lugosi's Dead Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
- (11) Into The Abyss
Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
- (25) Love's A Lonely Place To Be EP
Virginia Astley (Why Fi)
- (26) No Time For Talk The Box (Go Discs)
- (5) The Other Side Of Love Yazoo (Mute)
- (9) Plain Sailing Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
- (8) Orders Of The Day Combat 84 (Victory)
- (7) Save Your Love Renee & Renato (Hollywood)
- (23) Summer Of '81 Violators (No Future)
- (15) Baby Baby Vibrators (Anagram)
- (—) Noise For The Boys Ejected (Riot City)
- (17) More Than A Dream Farmers Boys (Racks)
- (12) Groovin' In Green
March Violets (Merciful Release)
- (10) For You Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
- (—) Tell Him Rezillos (Aura)
- (24) Rebel Youth Uproar (Beat The System)
- (30) Feels Like Winter Again Fiat Lux (Cocteau)
- (22) Nellie The Elephant Toy Dolls (Volume)
- (20) For Whom The Bell Tolls Fad Gadget (Mute)
- (—) Jerusalem One Way System (Anagram)
- (18) Gi's A Job Yossers Gang (Rialto)
- (—) Brain Storm EP Ad Nauseum (Flickknife)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

- (1) Pillows And Prayers Various (Cherry Red)
- (2) Plastic Surgery Disasters
Dead Kennedys (Statik)
- (4) The Day The Country Died
Subhumans (Spiderleg)
- (3) Upstairs At Eric's Yazoo (Mute)
- (—) Strive To Survive
Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
- (6) Pissed And Proud
Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
- (10) The Maverick Years Wah (White Label)
- (12) Never Mind The Dirt Dirt (Crass)
- (7) 1981-82 The Mini Album New Order (Factory)
- (9) Leather Bristles Studs And Acne GBH (Clay)
- (13) A Distant Shore Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
- (24) Seduction Danse Society (Society)
- (6) La Variete Weekend (Rough Trade)
- (8) Live At Shepperton Damned (Big Beat)
- (21) If I Die Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
- (15) Nothing Can Stop Us Now
Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
- (11) I'd Like To See You Again
A Certain Ratio (Factory)
- (16) Garlands Cocteau Twins (4AD)
- (30) Part Of America Therein Fall (Cottage)
- (23) Sound Of Music Adicts (Razor)
- (29) When The Punks Go Marching In
Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
- (22) A Broken Frame Depeche Mode (Mute)
- (14) Voice Of A Generation Blitz (No Future)
- (17) Burning Ambition The History Of Punk
Various (No Future)
- (20) Songs To Remember
Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
- (18) Christ — The Album Crass (Crass)
- (26) Where's The Pleasure Poison Girls (Xtint)
- (19) In The Flat Field Bauhaus (4AD)
- (25) Warrior Rock Toyah (Safari)
- (—) And Did Those Feet Dancing Did (Kamera)

REGGAE SINGLES

- Tu Sheng Peng U Brown (Tad's)
- Lend Me The Chopper Johnny Osbourne (Hitbound)
- Playgirl Techniques (Techniques)
- Nice And Easy Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye)
- Rub A Dub Party Johnny Osbourne (Coxsone)
- Rub A Dub Session
Tristan Palma and U Brown (Intense)
- All Night Long Linval Thompson (Greensleeves)
- Babylon/Rude Boy
Sugar Minott/Sammy Dread (Hitbound)
- Rocking Robin Basil Greenlight (Taxi)
- If This World Were Mine Dennis Brown (Tad's)
- Love Like This Errol Dunkley (King Jam)
- Don't Bite The Hand
Johnny Osbourne and Aswad (Simba)
- No Vacancy Sugar Minott (Hitbound)
- Have You Ever Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
- Gunshot Anthony Johnson (Music Lover)

REGGAE LPs

- Inchpinchers Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
- Interviews Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
- I Am Ready Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
- Live At Aces Various (Greensleeves)
- Rebel Soldier Solgie (Taxi)

Compiled by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, Clapham Junction, SW11.

US SINGLES

- Down Under Men At Work (Columbia)
- Africa Toto (Columbia)
- Sexual Healing Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
- Dirty Laundry Don Henley (Asylum)
- The Girl Is Mine
Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
- Maneater Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- Baby Come To Me Patti Austin (Qwest)
- Rock The Casbah The Clash (Epic)
- Shame On The Moon
Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
- You And I Eddie Rabbitt & Crystal Gayle (Elektra)

US LPs

- Business As Usual Men At Work (Columbia)
- Built For Speed Stray Cats (EMI America)
- H₂O Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- Get Nervous Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
- Thriller Michael Jackson (Epic)
- Coda Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
- Combat Rock The Clash (Epic)
- The Distance
Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
- Long After Dark
Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Backstreet)
- Hello I Must Be Going Phil Collins (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

CANADA SINGLES

- Africa Toto (CBS)
- Mickey Toni Basil (Chrysalis)
- Maneater Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- Come On Eileen
Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
- You Can't Hurry Love Phil Collins (Atlantic)
- Truly Lionel Richie (Motown)
- Dirty Laundry Don Henley (Asylum)
- Sexual Healing Marvin Gaye (CBS)
- Pass The Dutchie Musical Youth (MCA)
- Baby Come To Me Patti Austin & James Ingram

Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corp/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

- Uptown Top Ranking Althia & Donna (Lightning)
- Mull Of Kintyre Wings (EMI/Parlophone)
- Lovely Day Bill Withers (CBS)
- Native New Yorker Odyssey (RCA)
- Figaro Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
- If I Had Words Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)
- Love's Unkind Donna Summer (GTO)
- Jamming/Punky Reggae Party
Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
- It's A Heartache Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
- Galaxy War (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

- Blockbuster Sweet (RCA)
- Do You Wanna Touch Me Gary Glitter (Beli)
- You're So Valn Carly Simon (Elektra)
- The Jean Genie David Bowie (RCA)
- Long Haired Lover From Liverpool
Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
- Daniel Elton John (DJM)
- If You Don't Know Me By Now
Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
- Wishing Well Free (Island)
- Ball Park Incident Wizzard (Harvest)
- Hi Hi Hi Wings (Parlophone)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

- Everlasting Love Love Affair (CBS)
- Am I That Easy To Forget
Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
- Judy In Disguise John Fred & His Playboy Band (Pye Int)
- The Ballad Of Bonnie And Clyde Georgie Fame (CBS)
- Mighty Quinn Manfred Mann (Fontana)
- She Wears My Ring Solomon King (Columbia)
- Bend Me Shape Me Amen Corner (Deram)
- Suddenly You Love Me Tremeloes (Decca)
- Everything I Am Plastic Penny (Page One)
- Daydream Believer Monkees (RCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

- Diamonds Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
- Globetrotter Tornadoes (Decca)
- Dance On Shadows (Columbia)
- Bachelor Boy Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- Like I Do Maureen Evans (Oriole)
- Don't You Think It's Time Mike Berry (HMV)
- Little Town Flirt Del Shannon (London)
- The Wayward Wind Frank Ifield (Columbia)
- Return To Sender Elvis Presley (RCA)
- The Next Time Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NME
MUSICAL
EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



ERNEST POULTRY	6
HELL'S SMITHEREENS	4
SUNNY ADE	5
TYMON DOGG	7
PRINT FOR PEACE	8
LUTHER BLISS OUT	10



HEADS AND TAILS 11



INTO THE GAP BAND	12
THE FURY IS GONE	14
THE RACKET PACKET	16
SINGLES BLOODBATH	17
A DATE WITH DESTINY	19
SILVER SCREEN	20
YET MORE GERMANS	22
LPs	24
REGGAE RUNNINGS	27
RECORD NEWS	28
TOUR NEWS	29
GIG GUIDE	31
X-WORD	34



LIVE!	37
GASBAG	42
T-ZERS	43

RETURN OF THE 200-YEAR-OLD WHITE DUKE

DAVID BOWIE will be playing "an awful lot" of concerts in Britain this year, he revealed in New York last Friday, at a Press conference to announce his new recording deal — he has now switched from RCA to EMI America, and his new album will be released internationally on that label in the early spring.

It had been assumed that Bowie's UK appearances would be confined to a string of shows at a major venue, like Wembley Arena. But he made it plain at the conference that he's planning a full nationwide tour here — his first in over five years. As previously reported, this will be part of a massive world tour spread over eight months, though even he doesn't yet know the exact period when he'll be in Britain.

The year of Bowie will be further boosted by the spring release of his third film *The Hunger*, in which he co-stars with Catherine Deneuve, who plays a lady with the gift of eternal life — she extends her powers to him for 200 years but, at the end of that time, the story line calls for him to age 150 years in two days! His fourth movie *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* opens later in the year, and this is set in a Japanese P.O.W. camp on Java in 1942, with Bowie playing a prisoner whose spirit the Japanese are determined to break.

Flu halts Fun Boys

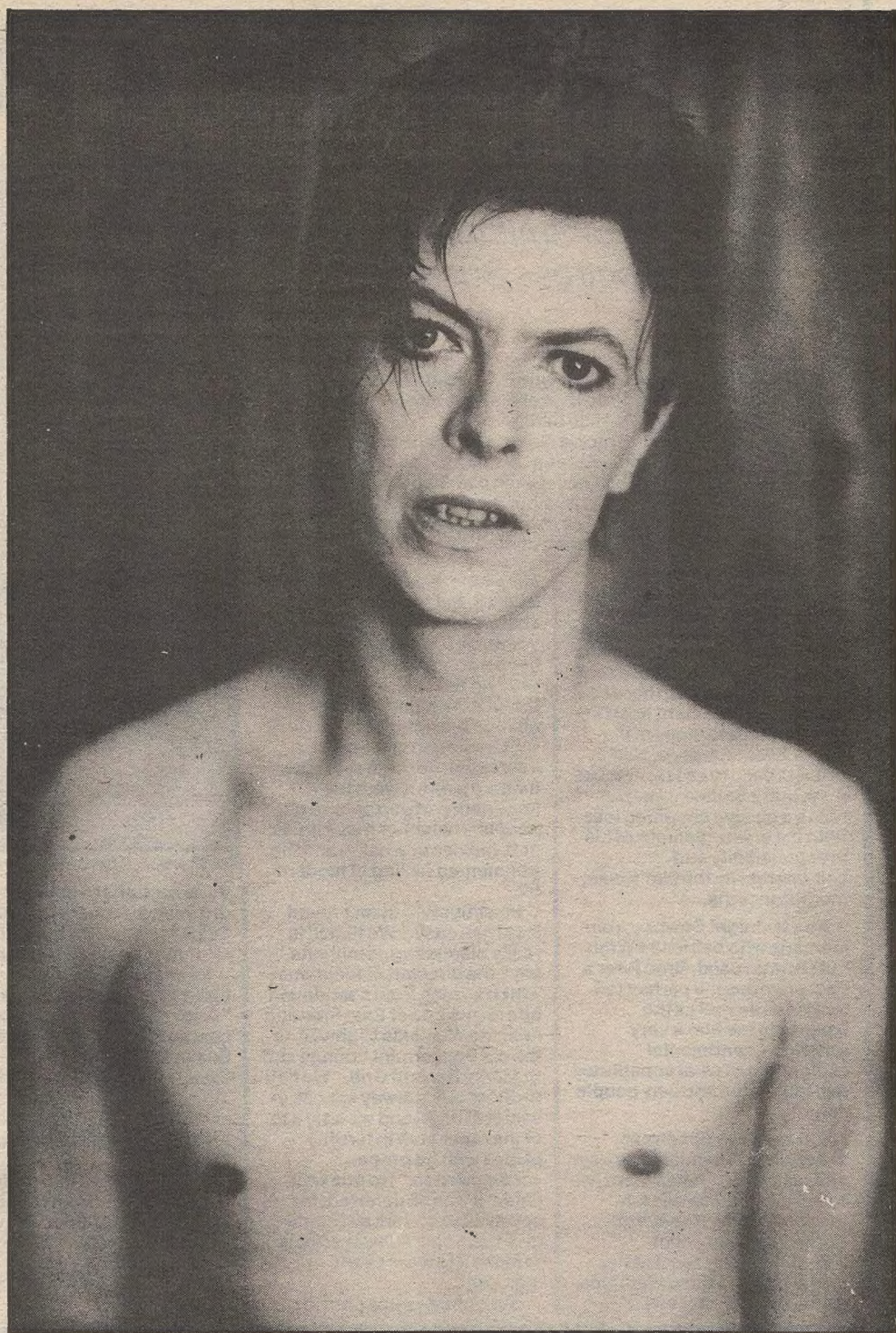
FUN BOY THREE have re-scheduled their British tour, due to illness within the group.

Two members went down with 'flu last week, and Terry Hall — who became very ill — was also found to be suffering from nervous and physical exhaustion, so a fortnight of complete rest was prescribed. This meant the cancellation of tour rehearsals, so the schedule — originally supposed to open in ten days — has now been put back to March. The group say they don't want to go on the road for their first tour with insufficient rehearsal. However, they will be fulfilling their commitment on Channel 4's *The Tube* on February 11, performing three or four numbers they had already rehearsed. And their new album 'Waiting' will be released by Chrysalis on the

same day, as scheduled.

Revised tour dates are Leeds University (March 5), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Bristol Locarno (8), Brighton Top Rank (9), Poole Arts Centre (11), Birmingham Odeon (13), London Hammersmith Palais (14 and 15), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Glasgow Tiffany's (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Sheffield Top Rank (21), Manchester Apollo (22) and Newcastle Mayfair (23).

Tickets already purchased for the original dates remain valid for the re-arranged gigs. The only exception is at Brighton, where there's been a change of venue from the Dome to the Top Rank — Dome tickets were £4 and £3.50, but there's a fixed price of £3.75 at the Top Rank, so cash refunds must be obtained for original tickets and new ones purchased.



David Bowie is 198. Pic Anton Corbijn

Best Cellers to tour

SOFT CELL will be back in live action again next month, following Marc Almond's pre-Christmas dalliance with Marc & The Mambas.

With their new album 'The Art Of Falling Apart' now figuring strongly in the charts, they were confirmed this week for two London shows at the Hammersmith Palais on Monday and Tuesday, March 7 and 8, when they'll be augmented by other instrumentalists and backing singers. Tickets are on sale now, with reductions for "Cell Mates" (Fan Club members) who must write to the club office for details.

The enigmatic Stevo of Some Bizzare Records announced in his own uniquely bizarre style: "They

will then be playing various other dates at various other places at various other times supported by various other acts (not bands)" — which means, in plain English, that further dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly. Stevo added that Marc and Dave are currently working in the studio on various projects — Marc with The Mambas, and Dave with himself!

Cats are out of the Bag

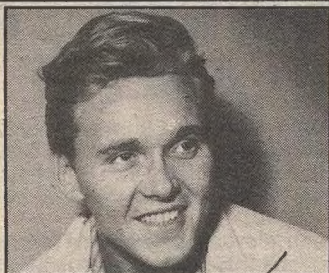
PIGBAG begin a major UK tour later this month, coinciding with the February 18 release of their second album 'Lend An Ear' on Y Records (through Rough Trade).

The eight-track LP is a mixture of instrumental and vocal

numbers, the latter featuring their new girl singer Angela Jaeger — who, of course, will also be performing with them on stage.

They play Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (February 14), Canterbury Kent University (15), Keele University (16), Nottingham Palais (17), Chippenham Goldiggers (22), Manchester Hacienda Club (23), Liverpool University (24), Newcastle University (25), Edinburgh University (27), Glasgow Tiffany's (28), Leicester Polytechnic (March 2), Dunstable Queensway Hall (3), Bristol Union Anson Rooms (4), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (5), Bournemouth Town Hall (7), Portsmouth Southsea Gaiety Bar (8), Birmingham Aston University (11) and Loughborough University (12).

Support act throughout the tour is Laurel & Hardy, with the addition of Tribesman for the London show, where tickets are priced £4 and £3.50. Prices vary elsewhere, and readers are advised to contact the individual box-offices for details.



BILLY FURY DEAD

BILLY FURY, one of Britain's foremost rock stars of the late '50s and early '60s, died last Friday after a long history of heart trouble.

He had undergone three major heart operations, including open heart surgery, but he collapsed at his London flat and was found to be dead on arrival at hospital. He was 41.

Although he had 19 Top Twenty hits during the period 1959-65, he never quite made the No. 1 spot, his most successful single being 'Halfway To Paradise' (No. 2 in 1961). He undertook many top-of-the-bill tours, and was a regular on the top TV shows of the era — including *Oh Boy!*, *Six-Five Special* and *Ready Steady Go*.

Ill-health caused his premature retirement, and he bought a sheep farm in Wales. He had been making a comeback over the last two years — partly to pay off his debts, but mainly because he felt the urge to return — and recently completed an album, which is scheduled for April release.

A full obituary is on page 14.

Cassettes that play on both sides.

Most cassettes perform better on one side than the other, because they aren't quite square and don't line the tape up properly with the tape heads.

This is called azimuth error, and it's very common.

Maxell cassettes, though, are so precisely made that their dimensions are accurate to within a thousandth of an inch. So when you use one, it lines the tape up squarely and you get exactly what you expected: a cassette, not half a cassette.



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A HELL OF A MOVIE

Cynthia Rose gapes into the Voidoid world of Smithereens and speaks to directress Susan Seidelman.

THE IMMINENT UK return of cult type Richard Hell has been preceded by two British showings of his second outing as a film star in Susan Seidelman's 1980 *Smithereens*.

Hell has already made a movie debut, as 'Crash', the burnt-out criminal lynchpin of Rachid Kerdouche's pseudo-film noise *Final Reward*, a movie which never even clinched the clutches in which it dealt, *Smithereens* — a colour pic which has already broken the house records at Greenwich Village's Waverly cinema — is a completely different phenomenon.

Its story is as romantic, stylised and hip-to-the-trip as better musical vignettes Hell has produced: Jersey punkette Wren (Susan Berman) crosses the river into big bad New York City and bruises both hard head and not-so-hard heart as she encounters modern life Lower East Side style. Hell's Eric (leader of unseen, defunct punk outfit Smithereens) is rocks's classic charming loser. With the ersatz glamour of his irresponsibility and self-interest lie the film's main moral concerns.

As a *Midnight Cowboy* from montana who befriends Wren but ends up used, Brad Rinn's Paul provides the perfect foil for Hell — as well as the balance in the film's very American, sentimental exploration of what constitutes real friendship and why people need it.

Indeed, says directress Seidelman, "friendship, energy and resourcefulness" were her themes in *Smithereens*. A former student at New York University film school, Seidelman stresses that her movie is "not a punk film" (you would have to be pretty

simplicistic to describe it merely as that), but "more a character study of a kind of young girls there's always been a contemporary example of... in the '30s, in the '50s, in the '60s. The clothing may change but nothing else."

"The actual themes which interested me the most at the time we wrote it were the importance of pop culture on people — whether it was music or B-movies or what — and the fragmented feeling of modern life."

Investigating them proved less than easy. "We filmed in really disgusting conditions," says the director, of locations which stretch from abandoned bits on the Lower East Side and near the Westside Highway, to the old Peppermint Lounge and St Marks Bar and Grill. "We had to shoot our subway scenes in secret at night and we shot a lot of the other stuff in terrible places with no proper accommodation." No one was paid: "It was all deferred; for seven weeks' work all I could give them was subway tokens to make it to work every morning".

Smithereens was shot in



Smithereens' heroine Wren (Susan Berman) out on the East Side streets again.

three sections over the course of a year, for a mere \$80,000; Seidelman spent an additional six months editing it herself.

Its shape evolved also through changes in the cast: "Originally another actor was cast as Eric, but he dropped Susan Berman down a fire escape and broke her ankle. That cost us four months' time and Susan wasn't keen to work with him anymore, so I used Richard Hell."

"I'd never seen him perform — he hadn't done anything in a long time at this point anyway — but the camera really likes him and I figured he could play the sort of rocker Wren would be taken in by."

Seidelman insists that Hell "isn't exactly playing himself"; she credits "discipline and a lot of native intelligence" for the portrait of Eric he creates, saying she was as surprised as anyone by the level of "seriousness" Hell brought to the proceedings.

As Wren, Susan Berman has already received wide acclaim. "People keep writing about how she symbolises the nihilism of punk and all that," laughs Seidelman. "But actually she's just the sort of kid I keep seeing around the East Village, where I've lived for eight years."

Smithereens is certainly romantic, but not nihilistic...

"Oh no. Wren has a pretty lousy life despite her resilience — but then she charges through everything without listening to anybody else. At the very beginning of her involvement with Eric, for instance, he warns her to watch out; that everybody's after something from everybody else. But she never listens. She keeps saying she's got a million other places to spend her time."

"In the final frames, where the motorist pulls up alongside and propositions her he says 'You got a better place to spend your time?'. I froze the film there, because that's the first time you see her hear anything

anyone says to her."

Smithereens does more than add a celluloid dimension to Hell's cult status — it has a lot to say, albeit sometimes less subtly than it might seem, about the potential sacrifice of self attraction to the idea of fame can involve. Music (by Hell, The Feelies and The Nitecaps, among others) plays a considerable part; by all means see it.

Smithereens will be distributed around the UK by Miracle Films, and will open in London at Islington's Screen on the Green. Susan Seidelman is currently working on a movie about "a girl gang based on Staten Island."

Townshend auctions off Eel Pie

PETE TOWNSHEND sacrificed one of his several secondary career choices — gentleman publisher — this week when he finalised a decision to sell off the assets of his Eel Pie publishing concern.

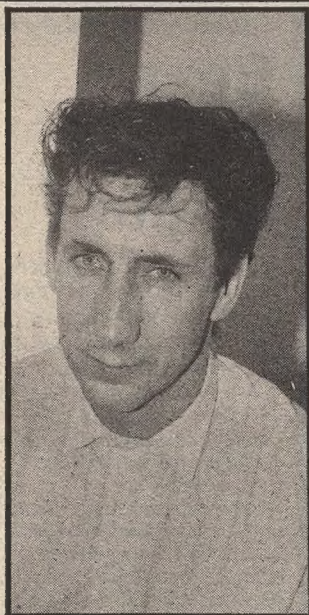
Rather than Peter Townshend, Inc. or anything similar, The Who's veteran mouthpiece has always been more discreetly represented as Eel Pie Companies, and the publishers who brought you volumes ranging from Pennie Smith's *Clash: Before and After* through Carr and Murray's *David Bowie: The Illustrated Record* is only one division of that conglomerate. It has not been an unsuccessful one, however; last year Eel Pie Publishing recorded a turnover of around £400,000.

Townshend says he's putting his going concern on the market "to keep the company in manageable proportions", and because he's "not able to devote sufficient time and energies to what has become a far larger company" than the one he originally envisaged. (The original impetus behind Eel Pie Publishing was allegedly to print children's books; a spokesperson for the firm told NME at presstime that Pete "had to be persuaded to let us do the original Who book and that became one of our biggest successes").

The head honcho told trade publication *The Bookseller* that he hoped the company's assets "being sold as a whole" would "leave the other divisions unaffected". Such a sale would of course mean two things: the successful publishing sector

would not have to pay for any losses incurred by any other divisions of Eel Pie Companies. And the books currently in production (Dave Marsh's authorised Who bio, the Bob Dylan Quizbook, Mick Farren's *History Of The Black Leather Jacket*, and volumes on The Everly Brothers, The Monkees, and Eddie Cochran & Gene Vincent) will still find their way into the hearts and bins of millions.

A spokeswoman for the company confirmed the latter quite firmly: "Whoever takes over the concern will definitely supervise the production of the whole list scheduled for this year — those are works under contract and they'll definitely be published."



Pete: "not sufficient time and energy."

Current frontrunners in the bidding for Eel Pie's imprint are apparently Sidgwick and Jackson, Virgin, and Plexus; the victor should be announced "by the end of the week".

TRUTH GAMES GETS AIRPLAY

ACCLAIMED INVESTIGATIVE journalist John Pilger's controversial anti-nuclear film, *The Truth Game*, is to be shown at last; it will be broadcast on ITV on February 28 at 9pm and 10.30pm (there will be a break for the news as the film is in two parts).

The 'follow-up' film demanded by the Independent Broadcasting Authority has also been scheduled and is now "in research". It will air seven weeks later, on Thursday April 21, at 9.00pm — for an hour. An IBA spokesperson insisted that the second film "is not being designed as an answer to the Pilger programme, but merely to broaden the debate a bit".

The second Central TV film will, however, be presented by Max Hastings — known to many of his colleagues at London's *Evening Standard* newspaper by the nickname of 'Dracula'. Hastings' credits include a short editorship of *Londoners' Diary*, a brief writers' tax exile in Ireland, and coverage of both Rhodesia and the Falklands for the *Standard*.

"Rational conservatism is his speciality," commented one fellow Fleet St journalist of Hastings, "and he has done some very sound stuff — he's a great believer in the basic British gung-ho virtues."

Pressed by NME as to who chose Hastings to utilise these talents in 'broadening out' the nuclear debate in the living rooms of our nation, a spokesperson for Central TV replied that it was probably the "Controller of Features".

A spokesperson from another Central office — although willing to repeat the time-of-airing for the second show — said the network's office had "absolutely no comment" to give on the choice of Hastings.

John Pilger could not be reached for comment at presstime.

Go Gos shake-up

HAVE the Go-Gos taken out a suit in court against their US record company, IRS, and its notoriously flamboyant head Miles Copeland — as reported earlier this week in the national press?

No, say the band's New York office (towards which Copeland was winging his way at the moment we chose to enquire). What rock history's largest-grossing girl group is doing is "renegotiating their contract somewhat over the nature of the third album they're about to begin; discussing what's coming out on it and 'smoothing over a few definitions', and have initiated no breach of contract suit against Copeland."

What's not in dispute is a new partnership between Go-Gos manageress Ginger Canzoneri and Irv Azoff of super-star (the Eagles, for example) — oriented Front Line Management. The deal here is that Azoff gets a "piece of the action from the Go-Gos" while Canzoneri gets "help in developing projects".

the lone groover benyon



SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Vidiot Games People Play

● From the publishers of American rock mag *Creem*, comes "The Magazine Of Video Lunacy" *Vidiot* (haven't I heard that pun somewhere before?)

Unlike video journals here, who are more interested in selling software and soft-porn, *Vidiot* unashamedly goes straight to the heart of the machine — The Video Game.

Included are reviews of the entire Atari and Intellivision home systems catalogues (brain damaging work for writers to be sure) while *Vidiot* rates the top ten Arcade games each month, 'Joust' (whatever that is) taking the honours this time round. New games include 'Pengo' and 'E.T.' — the latter apparently a financial disaster for Atari who were unable to come up with a hotshot original idea ("If only the film had come out next May," said one Atari exec).

A run down of the spin-off merchandise from the phenomenally successful 'Pac-Man' meanwhile lists around 50 items, among them fruit scented erasers, a gumball machine coin bank, the 'TV Bed'n'Play Tray' and Pac-Man shoelaces. The most indispensable of all these items is the Pac-Man Butane Lighter. *Vidiot* advises the reader to "Take all the 'Pac-Man' merchandise you can find, arrange it in a heap and apply this product".

Rebel Radio Returns

● Following the loss of two transmitters in quick succession — one through theft and one by explosion — London's rockers **Dread Broadcasting Corporation** will be back sailing the airwaves from Friday (4th Feb).

Two months of enforced silence have given the pirates time to reorganize, and they return independent of former sister station, **OUR Radio**, although on the same wavelength of 103.8 FM. There's also a revamped line up; **Dread Outta Control** **Lepke** is taking a sabbatical, and **Dr. Watt** has departed. The new spinners and screamers will be 13 year-old toaster **Meka**, **Papa C**, local sound system celebrity **Jah Weasel**, and **Neneh Cherry** of **Rip, Rig and Panic** making a soul selection.

Schedules remain from six 'til midnight every Friday, and plans to broadcast on an additional night are under discussion.

Compact Corner

● Hot on the heels of their video disc, Phillips are set to follow with the equally optimistic audio version, and in March '83, after 15 years beavering away in Holland, the **Compact Disc** will be available to any music fan shrewd enough to part with £400/500 for the required playing unit (don't panic, it will plug into your existing hi fi).

Commercial development of this wheeze was by Sony in Japan, where 2,000 deranged millionaires snapped up the first six months' stock in a matter of days. In spite of such hysterical sales figures, the largest British record company, **EMI**, has decided to stay on the sidelines for a few years — "We'll wait and see what happens" — leaving it to Welsh independent **Nimbus Records** to start building the first factory here.

Whether or not **EMI**'s attitude has anything to do with the "technical problems" these 'defect free' records are experiencing — at a reported reject rate of 80% — is open to discussion.

CRAMPS RESURRECT

JUST WHEN you thought you'd be stuck forever in front of the small screen with only *The Half-Baked Swingers At Home Show* for company, everybody's most beloved beserkos have homed back into view: The Cramps.

"We're really excited about our new prospects," quoth pale person **Ivy**, "The past year was Doldrum City."

Sticks'n'bonesman **Nick Knox** is now almost back to fighting shape, following his final operation a fortnight ago; and the band are currently wrangling over an actual recording contract.

Any ear lent to currently top-secret Cramps demos such as 'Potentate', 'Five Years', 'Sinner', or 'Wighat' would revel in audibly smoother and more accomplished renditions of ever more imaginatively revived trashrock, from slow-burn hellfire through gen-u-wine shaking redneck vocals, 40,000-cannibals, hythm section work, and strangely resilient guitar lines.

For info on forthcoming Cramps crawl to these shores, see next week's News pages. Meanwhile,



Britain's own Legion Of The Cramped have issue six of their newsletter, *Rockin' Bones*, halfway to the printers, as its sister-zine *The Next Big Thing* mutates into a more frequent freesheet format after five years' active service at 40 pages.

Details on both from The Legion Of The Cramped, 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, Scotland FK3 0HJ

CYNTHIA ROSE



portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

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Anything by Fela Kuti
I.K. Dairo — 'Ijo Olamo'
Anything by Haruna Ishola
Miriam Makeba — 'Mailaka'
Anything by Don Williams
Jimmy Cliff — 'Sitting In Limbo'
Bob Marley & The Wailers — 'Exodus'
Dolly Parton — 'Jolene'
James Brown — 'Live At The Apollo'

TV SHOWS

Mind Your Language
Village Headmaster (Nigerian drama series)

PLACES

Ondo
London
Jos

ACTORS

Mr Funsho Adeolu (star of Village Headmaster)
Moses Olaiya
Taiwo Ajayi
Sean Connery and Roger Moore



CARS

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Mercedes Benz 350SEL

SPORTS

Football — favourite teams are Stationary Stores (Lagos), Flying Eagles (the junior national

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NME — Your paper, LOVE it!

DRESSED IN white shirts, ties and suit trousers three slight 'n' polite Japanese young women marched onstage at the Collusion night at the ICA's Press Gang Week. Their only props were three microphones, a rack of clothes and a selection of tapes gleaned from discarded Karaoke records found in a Tokyo street.

Frank Chickens were pure cabaret with more than a hint of Brecht and pre-war Germany. The theatrical militarism and choice of imagery contrasted sharply with sugary Japanese pop and the saki-soaked nostalgia of the songs. Their use of space and the shapes they created with their movements was visually rivetting and gave a sense of polished, considered theatre.

Inspired by Karaoke — the orchestral backing tracks of popular songs, and the Do-It-Yourself phenomena of the Enka singer, both found in downtown Tokyo's million and one bars, the Frank Chickens offer a glimpse into the heart of Japan.

The Karaoke bar provides a haven where the office worker or business man can do some serious drinking and shed his mask of stoicism by singing his favourite songs over the bar's hi fi system. Enka is the music of huge alienating cities — at its centre lies a cry or weeping in the voice. The ballads are sad, steeped in sentimentality and littered with missed chances. They are sung from a woman's viewpoint as authorised Japanese aesthetic demands that men should not express sad feelings.

The Frank Chickens are Kazuko Hohki, Kazumi Taguchi and Noriko Iwatsubo. They met at art classes at the Camden Institute where Kazuko and Kazumi are currently exploring the aesthetic possibilities of

etching.

Kazuko has been in Britain for four years and was the only member of the trio actively performing. Along with Gilet from the 49 Americans, she was working on the Japanese American Toy Theatre. Using wind up toys they would enact a small musical, sing and tell stories. Their last performance was 'Double Indemnity'. After seeing Kazuko perform, Kazumi was keen that they should sing together.

Karaoke may be the foundation of their act but the Frank Chickens are not merely Enka singers.

"We are very interested in the performance side," stresses Kazuko. "We don't want to sing songs and end there. We want to create something and use the fact that it's live performance. Our performance is not connected to the song. We like to put across our own ideas about Japanese people and subtly interject ideas. For example, we do this military thing that is unconnected to the song and aim to devalue the military point by juxtaposing it with funny movements, so that Japanese... everybody... shouldn't take it too seriously."

Similarly they are concerned with challenging the image of Japanese women as Geisha, where adds Kazumi, "Everyone expects you to be given away or something. That's an old image and we have a different view. In the song 'Woman In Harbour', we present women as Japanese mafia — the Yakuza — and in 'True Love Story' we change sex roles. We want to betray people's expectations of Japanese women."

Presenting the Japanese spirit through the martial arts or the Kamikazi spirit is done with more than a touch of irony, as they have little time for the fashionable appropriation of aspects of the culture.

Humour is central to their act and they were in fits as I told them

Ain't no one here but Frank Chickens...



Kasuko, Kasumi and Noriko cabaret's Japanese Mafia.

Pic Anton Corbijn

IN THE USA, unemployment has joined sex and drugs as one of rock's major themes for 1983 radio listeners. Disc jockeys, particularly in the American Northeast, claim that with more adult Americans out of work than at any time since World War 2, "hard times are out there and that's the new message."

Consequently, the furry dice over the dashboards are joggling to radios blaring out a stream of what jocks call 'recession rock'. Its 'playlist' ranges right across the spectrum — from Paul McCartney's 'The Pound Is Sinking' to 'Dire Straits' 'Industrial Disease'; from Gary US Bonds' 'Out of Work' through Jethro Tull's 'Hard Times'.

Springsteen's acoustic 'Nebraska' (still in the charts after 16 weeks although originally no one expected it to sell) is

RECESSION ROCK IS BOOMING

generally credited with kicking off the New Austerity of the airwaves, but it's Billy Joel's 'Allentown' and Chrissie Hynde's 'My City Was Gone' which have aroused real controversy.

Both are among the suprising number of songs which concern the recession in the hard-hit states of Pennsylvania and Ohio. As the Pretenders' lyric laments, "Well I got back to Ohio/But my city was gone/There was no train station/There was no downtown"

with a chorus of "A-O, Way to go, Ohio".

Ted Virostko, a spokesman for Ohio's Department of Development, went to the trouble of contacting the *Wall Street Journal* about Hynde's hit. He joined several other objectors in wondering "why millionaire rock stars should devote their energies to singing about hard times", but said he doubted the song could affect his state's attempts to attract new jobs.

What the Department of Development did want, he said, was to suggest an alternative set of lyrics: *There's a lot more area for factories to move in/They've got all the streets and sewers in'.*

Urbane Long Island songsmith Billy Joel has fielded much more flak for his 'Allentown' "Well, we're living here in Allentown/And they're closing all the factories down/Out in Bethlehem they're killing time/Filling out forms/Standing in

line". The rate of unemployment in this Pennsylvania steel town is 12%, but Mayor Joseph S. Dadonna originally took issue with Joel's sentiments. In a press statement issued from Florida (where he was 'vacationing'), Dadonna said the song "doesn't reflect the real city".

His return home, however, was graced with numerous pro-Joel petitions (many from nearby Bethlehem) and the outcome of the press scrap was a performance by Joel in town — during which Dadonna presented the singer with a key to the city and commented that the song was "upbeat with a positive message: Joel chose this town because we've got what it takes to make it through hard times".

Let's hope you aren't the only ones.

CYNTHIA ROSE

FIRE AND POETRY

FROM February 7-12, London's Cockpit Theatre will host a 'multi-racial festival' of such nature entitled Angels of Fire. Its opening slot each evening, from 6—7pm, will allow a dozen or so unknowns to perform on a first come-first-served basis.

Sponsors *City Limits* magazine have adopted a something-for-everyone approach and there are "black, feminist, New Wave, ranting, singing, experimental and established" artists scheduled for each evening's final hour. They include Benjamin Zephaniah, H O Nazareth, Michelene Wandor, Paul Buck, James Berry, Joolz, Slade the Leveller, Seething Wells and Michele Roberts.

Performance poetry is the intended emphasis but music will feature throughout, and forms a part in many of the planned presentations.

The theatre foyer will be organised into a bookstall and info centre, stocked with fanzines, mags and books (including a mag produced in conjunction with the event itself).

Those wishing to participate should prepare a five minute 'spot' and arrive at the Cockpit by 5pm. It's located in Gateforth St, London NW8; ask for Mandy Williams. The theatre box office number is 01-402-5081; further details are also available from Penelope Toff at 49 Blenheim Gardens, London NW2 4NR (01-452-9779) or Jeremy Silver on 01-452-1469.

note oilskin base

lowry



I was completely baffled at the time by one number which seemed to be some form of robotic dance. It turned out to be about earthquakes.

"In Tokyo we have a theory that we have a big earthquake every 50 years and the last one was 60 years ago, so the last ten years have been spent living in fear. We have been educated about earthquakes so much we felt we should share this knowledge with nice English people. We decided to show what it is really like, so we start at Magnitude 1 and work our way to Magnitude 8 before we start to sing 'Super Hero' song."

"It's also about silliness" giggled Kazuko. "I get the impression that when English people make jokes, they like to show they are clever but Japanese people sometimes make really silly jokes! We wanted to show that empty silliness."

Frank Chickens were an unqualified hit at the ICA and have since done the *Oxford Road Show* where they performed 'Tokio Boogie', a song with Manhattan Transfer overtones, which almost perversely took Japan by storm in 1947 and coincided with that great burst of energy it took to rebuild a war torn country, decimated after the US nuclear attack.

They have recorded a session for John Walters' Radio Show, are hoping to tour with the Impossible Dreamers and do some work with the dynamic improvisationary duo of Steve Beresford and David Toop.

The warmth, intelligence, integrity and humour of a Frank Chicken performance is guaranteed to win the hearts of most audiences. It's unlikely your local will stock its juke box with Karaoke records and have a microphone at the ready behind the bar, but the creativity of the club circuit and the growing credibility of alternative cabaret should ensure they're the focus of growing interest.



Gloria Swanson: Hollywood Queen

BATTERSEA BABYLON

THE UNTOUCHABLE decadence of the Hollywood Stars was never quite so secure after, Kenneth Anger dug deep and dirty in his late '50s expose *Hollywood Babylon*.

Now, the shocks 'n' scandals of Beverly Hills have come to Battersea. With the aid of music, mime, dialogue and dance, The Bridge Lane Theatre presents the first ever stage adaptation of the underground classic that turned off-screen indiscretions into starring roles.

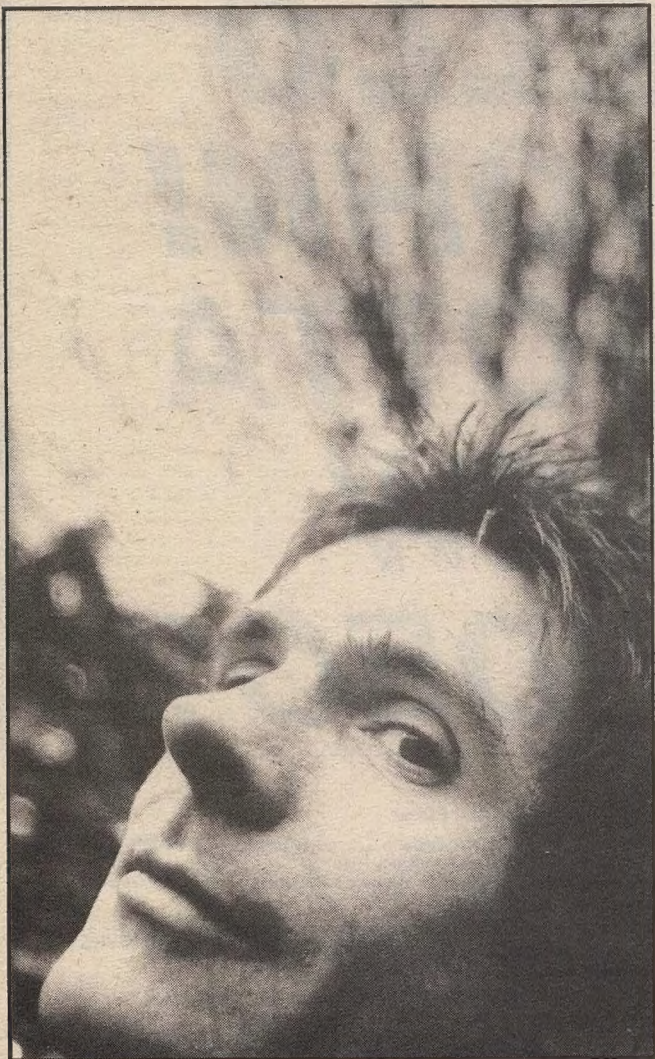
Of the original work, fifteen famous faces — including Valentino, Fatty Arbuckle, Lana Turner, Jayne Mansfield and Erich Von Stroheim — fall, onstage.

Scripted by Colin Ludlow and directed by Paul (Fear and Loathing) Marcus, *Hollywood Babylon* is the culmination of three years of trans-Atlantic negotiations and production problems.

Anger himself had to cancel a trip to the play's opening, due to work involved in completing his sequel scribbles *Hollywood Babylon II*, due for publication this summer.

However, for interested parties not kept under lock and key by a literary agent, the legends will crumble at the Bridge Lane Theatre, Bridge Lane, Battersea (box office 228 8828) every night at 7.00 for the next four weeks.

LLOYD BRADLEY



Pic David Corio

JUST A minor footnote in the almighty annals of rock'n'roll trivia... Such was the fate that awaited Tymon Dogg, to be remembered for little but singing 'Lose This Skin' — a

weird performance which enlivened one of the six sides of The Clash's sprawling 'Samdiniasta' album.

Now, though, with the recent release of his very own LP —

'Battle Of Wills' on Dick O'Dell's Y Records — Tymon might yet win renown in his own right. Whatever the future holds for this leprechaun-like figure, it could barely be less eventful than his past.

He arrived in London many years ago, as a singing/songwriting protégé of Apple Records and Paul McCartney. But reckoning, absolutely correctly, that "the world didn't need another James Taylor", Tymon wandered away, propelled by a distaste for what he'd learned of the commercial world: "The music they wanted me to make would be like syrup for the ears — and not even pure, but full of nasty, artificial ingredients."

So he drifted dreamily through the '70s, taught himself to sing and play violin at the same time (with the curious side-effect, it seems to me, that his shrill and plaintive voice is very like a violin), meditated in India, bummed around the continent — not quite a folkie, not quite anything — guested with Joe Strummer's 101ers and later The Clash, played Cabaret Futura, and finally got a proper record together.

And a unique thing, it is, this 'Battle Of Wills': a brew of acid observations, philosophic contemplations, stark yet melodic, taut and flowing, steeped in eastern influences with instruments to match. Odd and quirky, but easily attractive.

It's taken Tymon a long time to arrive, even at his present precarious position, but he seems serenely un-preserved by careerist considerations. Bit of an old hippy, really, in the nicer, more honourable sense of the term.

PAUL DU NOYER

Footnote: Tymon Dogg

NOMINATED for 1st annual Sylvester Stallone If At First You Do Succeed - Repeat The Receipt Golden Glove (In conjunction with the Give 'Em Enough Rope Commemorative Rusty Bayonet to T-ZERS.)



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WORLD VIEW 1983

(Pluto/Maspero, £6.95)

BRITISH JOURNALISM is notoriously negligent when it comes to providing a background to the dramas and calamities that occur endlessly around the world. What is the true psychological/political condition of the Soviet Union? What is happening in Algeria 20 years after the revolution? How does Castro's Cuba look and feel now?

These are some of the questions — badly attended to in the past year — which now get tackled in a joint French/British compendium called *World View 1983*.

This is the second edition. The first still retains a cherished position beside the bathroom convenience where — at a whim — I can look up Iran, Brazil, Yugoslavia, Nigeria, etc and get a few hundred concise words on each.

The nation-by-nation anatomies are just one aspect of the book's 500 pages. There is also a chronology, articles on various strategic questions, a dozen Behind The News trends, round-ups of events, sections on alliances, conflicts, hot spots, profiles of prominent individuals and of important world regions.

The tone is sober, almost clinical; the political slant leftward. There are moments of triviality (a profile of Princess Diana, for instance) and where the thesis fails to convince (Pacifism And Nationalism In Europe), but overall the standard is powerfully good. It is no less than a constant education. One that can be had in small, tasty bites.

ANDREW TYLER

A SERIES OF SHOCK SLOGANS AND MINDLESS TOKEN TANTRUMS

by Crass (Existencil Press, £1.00)

"Our imagination should be the source of the future. I would have quoted the words of 'Imagine' by John Lennon, but that would cost a fortune in copyright fees to EMI, a company with heavy interests in arms manufacture, which is both ironic and an indication of what there is to do. 'Imagine' is a good starting point." (Mick Duffield)

IN THE wasteland of Thatcher's Britain, scarred by industrial decline, imperialistic adventures and mental cowardice, a new mood and a new energy is stirring.

This extraordinary book — the text of which was originally published in leaflet form as part of 'Christ The Album' — is part of a spectrum of radical dissent which, in 1983, aims to start changing the face and direction of society as we know it.

The spectrum includes: E.P. Thompson, whose urgent and eloquent essays are charged with the force of radical history; The Peace Women, who all over the world are speaking out and laying their bodies on the line for Life; the European Greens, who are actively blazing the trail of a new kind of politics; Crass, a household where anarchist, hippy and pacifist traditions meet and interact.

The onward progress of the Crass ideal has led them — via badges, records, gigs and films — from fanzines to this first publication in book form, dedicated to the principles of Anarchy, Peace, Love and Freedom they hold most dear and "to those who might like the ideas but can't stand the music".

The book consists of three essays penned by members of the Crass collective. First comes 'The Last Of The Hippies — An Hysterical Romance' by Penny Rimbaud, the story of Phil Russell, alias Phil Hope, alias Wally Hope, alias Wally, who choked to death on his own vomit in September 1975.

He was, in the writer's eyes, a



Collage by G of Crass — originally planned for a (now-abandoned) book on Phil Russell, subject of one of the essays in *A Series Of Shock Slogans*.

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY INTO DAY

"real" hippie, a luminous personality, and one of the prime movers behind the free festival at Stonehenge. Arrested for possession of psychedelics, Wally was committed to an indefinite stay in a psychiatric hospital, where heavy doses of Largactil wrecked his body and

mind. He died a broken man — the verdict, suicide.

Around Wally's life story is threaded numerous ideas and allusions and some of the real history of the clashes between youth movements and authority in the post-war era. It leads through from Charlie Manson to Sid

Vicious, from Kent State to Oi, from the Yippies to CND and from the Provos back to Crass. It reads like an angry issue of *International Times*.

Second comes Pete Wright with 'Yes, It's A Shame About Salvador. But What Have Those Kids Done With My Fucking Car

Keys' — a high-octane rant against teachers and the education system. A punk version of 'The Wall', it has its roots in *The Little Red Schoolbook*, a notorious publication out of Denmark, banned in Britain, which challenged authority by informing kids about their rights and about sex, drugs, contraception and the law.

Third is Mick Duffield with 'A Nightmare Ends: Waking Up' which is the most interesting essay of all, by contrast a sober, restrained, disciplined piece of writing on war and peace.

Here two major trains of thought meet in the shadow of Armageddon — pacifism (solutions to the problem of violence) and anarchism (solutions to the problem of power). He draws on writers like Erich Remarque (*All Quiet On The Western Front*), Joseph Heller (*Catch 22*), Robert Jay Lifton (*Death In Life*) and Michael Herr (*Dispatches*) to define the nightmare of our times.

He then goes on to draw together the widely-scattered strands of non-violent thought and action over the years which have been aimed at, in the title of an essay by Gene Sharp, 'Making The Abolition of War A Realistic Goal'.

This is important and inspiring material which should be read by all. It suggests we should learn from the civil rights movement in the US, from the Ghandi peace brigade in India, from the freedom fighters in Czechoslovakia, from the Resistance in Nazi-occupied Europe. That direct action begins with protest and persuasion, develops to non-cooperation and reaches Intervention. It challenges us to develop a new defence policy for a non-nuclear future.

It's going to be an exciting year.

JOHN MAY

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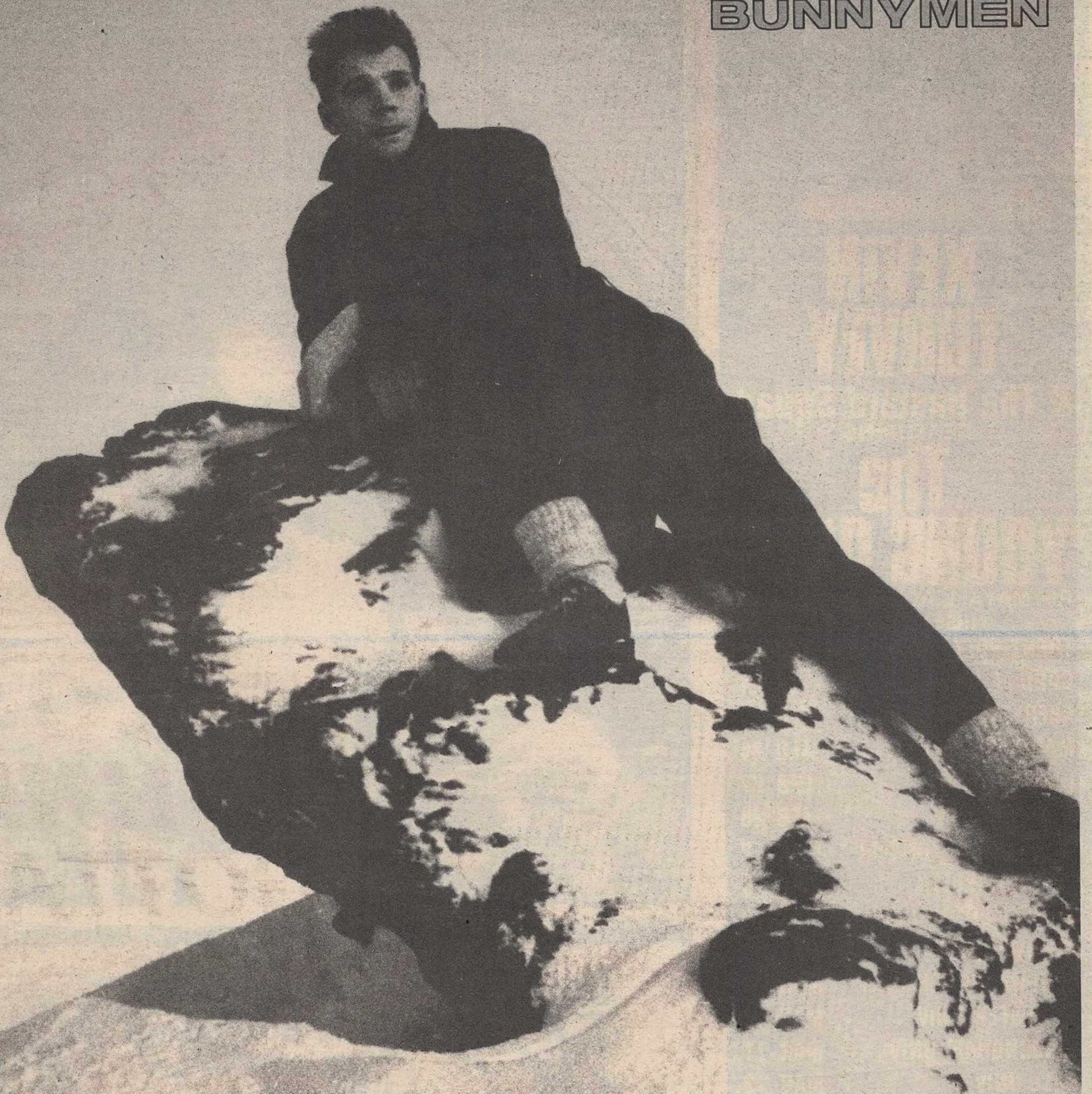
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LUTHER VANDROSS' world could be cut out from the pages of *Jackie* magazine.

Down home, boy meets girl, maybe they'll kiss but it'll be innocent. It's a world that middle America can feel safe with — lurrve.

Add to that his rich vocal talent, and a taste in production and orchestration that transforms his ditties into overblown soap opera narratives which entertain simply by overwhelming, and you have the current golden boy (saleswise) of American black music.

Vandross (he pronounces it Vandroe) has stepped into the vacuum left by the careless driving and dubious sexual preferences of Teddy Prendergrass. During 1982, he was the chief provider of the huge and regular dollops of slop and sentimentality that most Americans require. And with his lyrics tending towards the wholesome rather than the lustful, he quickly gained a respectability that Prendergrass never reached.

Face to face, Vandross is nothing his recorded work does not suggest — huge, pathologically polite, seemingly naive and more than a little bit dull.

His conversation is pretty limited. He does not appear to have any interest in the current music scene outside what he makes and listens to, which are basically the same. He is a firm believer in "standards" as a substitute for diversity.

"There are," he says, "no singers around at the moment to compare with Aretha, Dionne Warwick or Diana Ross. That's why the recording industry's in the decline it is."

Vandross and his "standards" have topped both R&B and pop charts. He wrote and produced Aretha Franklin's only recent hit, 'Jump To It', has been invited

Bland, dull and Vandross

to work with Ross and Warwick, and has collected a fistful of Grammy awards. More surprisingly, he's now come up with a sell-out UK concert tour that will reach London, appropriately enough, on St Valentine's day.

Until the announcement of his UK appearances, the popular appeal of Vandross in this country was assumed to be so negligible that his first two albums were not even released. Only now have selected tracks from each been thrown together for a vinyl debut to coincide with his visit.

Vandross quotes his idols as being Franklin, Warwick and Ross — telling an amusing story of how, as a teenager, he was so beside himself with grief at La Ross leaving The Supremes, that he nearly flunked school!

Typically, the women he looks up to are all very safe, appealing glossy and ultimately empty and anachronistic in the face of today's youth music cultures.

Vandross is convinced that by emulating the former glories of his heroines he can bring back some of the

"class", and so revive popular music. It is very difficult to argue with him, as he sees his record sales as living proof of this theory, and is either too polite or too dim to discuss it against the relative merits of today's trends.

To give him his due though, he makes no pretence about doing anything new. Since embarking on his chosen career, his shroud of nostalgia and MOR leanings have created such a force field that he cites bland, crossover hits from a couple of years ago as examples of current soul music. Any mention of New York's (his town) new breed of street hero, and the big man looks blank. At this point, the distance between us seemed a

lot greater than the width of the table.

Vandross has a well above average gift for song and production, but creatively (where it counts) he is merely marking time. On close examination his much lauded "total emotional involvement" stops so far short of the levels attained by, say, Al Green, Isaac Hayes or even Teddy P, that it is fraudulent — much like the present day work of his three glamorous gurus.

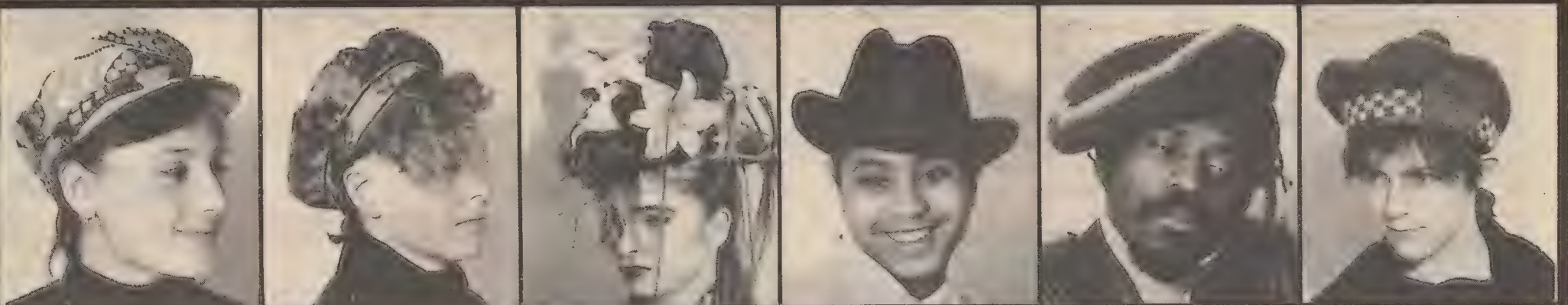
Widescale American appeal is one thing, but to reach any English audience younger and hipper than the Shirley Bassey set, he's going to have to be much more convincing than this.

But either way, I can't really foresee Vandross having a great deal of influence over any evolving styles...thank goodness.

LLOYD BRADLEY



"Then one night he made the discovery that you could produce this exciting new sound by picking up a synthesiser player and twanging him!"



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Susan's Scottish beret

where

Did

you get that hat?

No need to be too cap in hand about it, but if you want to get ahead...just try a titfer. Hats might appear to be back in a big way right now, but in truth the ancient practice of covering the cranium with anything from a felt trilby to a straw boater never went away.

In 1983 one can pay up to £75 for a hat in the heart of Brixton or pick up a panama for as little as a pound in a junkshop. Then there are also those who go in for the home-made hood, covering up last year's locks and turnip-shaped tresses with bleached berets, plastic lillies and fedoras like those featured in this special *NME* photospread.

With the pork-pie hatted hoardes of skaville circa 1979 a rare exception, however, hat hysteria has hardly ever been as vital a part of 'yoo' culture and its attendant totems than at the present. In '83 the rule seems to be if the cap fits...raise your brim to the beezzer. You've never hat it so good!

Pics James Palmer



Leah's self-made hat from a Red Cross shop

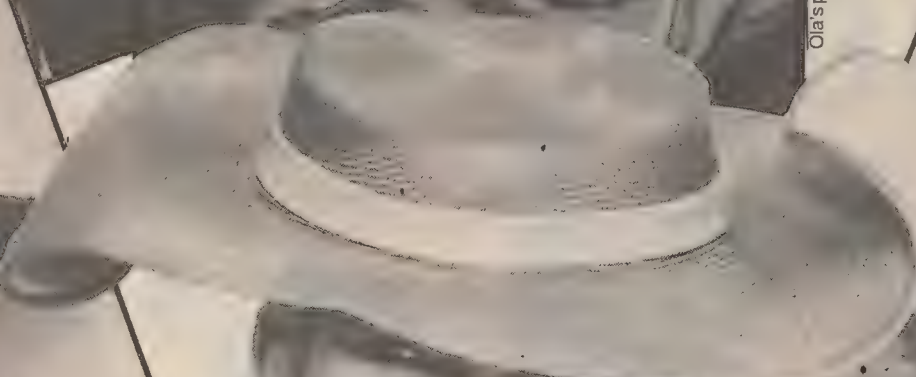
Leah's self-made hat from a Red Cross shop



Ola's primitive Society hat. Underscarf from Morocco, main head tie from a Red Cross shop



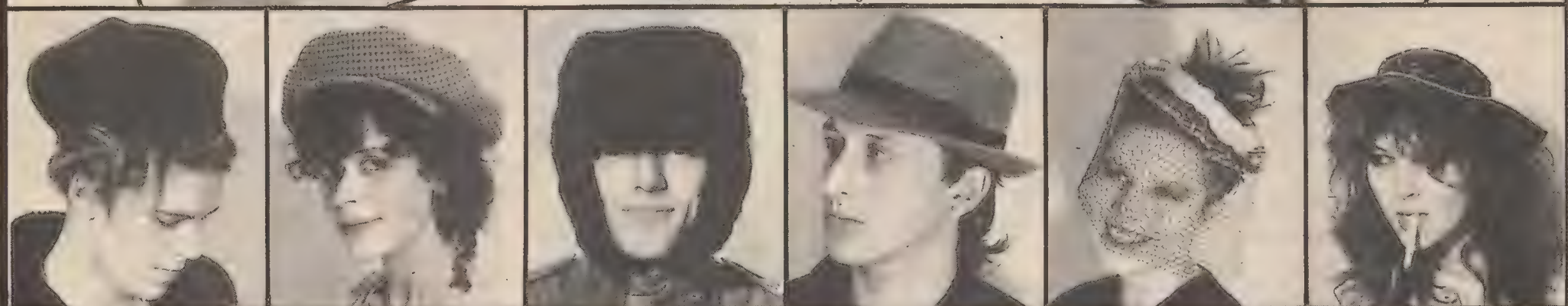
Pipe hat from T-X, Endell St.



Mo's hat from New Masters, Kings Road



Leah's self-made hat



Ashley's beret from Shepherds Bush Market

Ecky thump hat (£7) from Demob, Beak St.

Chris's fur hat 18 roubles from Siberia

Modern Art grey trilby (£7.50) Drummond St, Euston

Coco's hats from Being There, Charlton Place, Islington (£14) and (£30)

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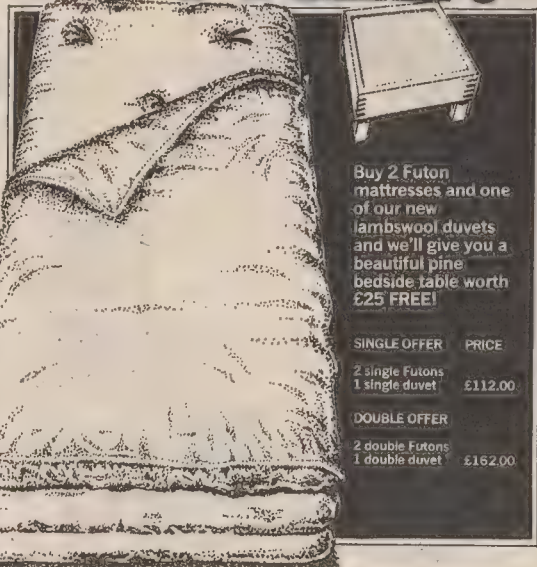
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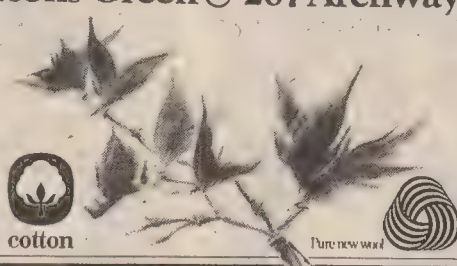
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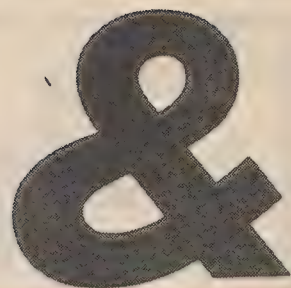
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STAR SPANGLED



THESE THREE GAP Band guys obviously buy their threads in the right shops.

OK, so the gear doesn't blind you with a flurry of lamé, glitter, outrageous colour schemes and incredible designs, but there's no doubt about it, this is quality stuff.

The best materials, the sharpest creases and the finest tailoring; neither chic nor flash, but quietly and confidently asserting *status* in the politest and subtlest manner.

Ronnie, Robert and Charles are looking good, swinging free and easy and, naturally, are in high spirits. And they weren't holding back when they splashed out on this morning's attire — the odd discreet flash of jewellery underlines that point.

The only outright flamboyant touch — a rhinestone cowboy hat on bro' Robert's head — sits as perfectly in place as the Dream Topping on the apple pie in a Bird's Eye advertisement. That hat is a symbol, a quasi-American symbol of success and achievement, a toast to the good life. It says quite a lot about The Gap Band.

For the three Tulsa-born brothers who make up The Gap Band, life has certainly been good. They've come a long way from their archetypal downhome Gospel roots to be a modern, dance band based in Los Angeles, playground of the rich and beautiful and music business capital of the world. So far, in fact, that in 1982 they were the biggest selling R&B (ie black) act in the whole of the United States.

And they're damn grateful, not just to their fans but to the Bald Eagle itself for the accolade. Full of praise for the virtues of the free world and the enterprising spirit forged over the past 200 years.

THE TRIO are holding court in a plush Knightsbridge Hotel, promoting their new single 'Outstanding'. It's the third single in this country off their LP, '4' — its predecessors failed to register in the Top 30 and it's hoped that some publicity and a live appearance will rectify the situation.

At one end of the appropriately furnished Victorian Suite the Gaps are posing in a pyramid type figure for the photographers. I'm sure the effect is unintentional, but viewed side-on, the pose looks a little ummm *racy*. Y'see Charles has his front to Ronnie's back and Robert has his front to Charles' back. But don't worry, it's not going to look that way in the photo.

Click! The guys flash a few of those big hey-baby-what's-happening smiles. Click! The guys are looning about, getting loose and putting across that party time feel. Click! Click! Click! . . .

And all the time the hat on Robert's head shelters them and keeps them safe, keeps them secure.

The guys are in control, relaxed and ready for the interview. In conversation the Gaps have the calm, assured front of three very successful businessmen (which is, after all, what they are). They're much younger and slimmer than they look in their PR photographs and it's Ronnie, the eldest and group leader, who does virtually all the talking. Robert contributes the occasional sentence, but Charles doesn't utter a word throughout the whole interview. He just sits there and gives me a timid stare every now and then. At first I thought he didn't like my questions but afterwards their press person explained that he was "tired".

Like his brothers Ronnie is a family man, straightforward and uncomplicated. Sure, his music is more than a job, it's his love, it's his all. But in interviews he's not going to say anything much apart from the usual stuff, nothing startling or controversial, nothing to upset anyone, and no surprises. Or rather none until I ask him how it is to bring up children in America today?

Ronnie: "I feel that it's an experience that I wish the rest of the world could experience — to be born, ungoverned, in America."

Where?

"In America, as long as you abide by the law . . . Y'know, you can do whatever you want to do, within the law."

The guy doesn't just sound pleased, he's positively awestruck, overwhelmed. I'm expecting him to rise up on a swell of patriotism and sing his national anthem.

"It's a country that has freedom of everything and it took a lot of people to die for that. It's one of the greatest countries on earth, and I feel that my kids are fortunate to live in America because they can grow up to be anything they want as long as they don't break the law."

Perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised. Ronnie Wilson speaks with the voice of the *nouveau riche* black community. It's a reasonable but innately conservative voice, anxious to hold on to what it's got and all too ready to pay lip-service to platitudes about "the land of hope and opportunity".

Twenty years of civil rights have brought about changes — maybe the Wilson brothers were some

Gavin Martin meets The Gap Band, three of America's fortunate sons who just want to party and make people happy. Pic: Nick Knight.

STARRY-EYED



of those who benefitted — but there's still enough unfortunates and activists around to say the struggle has a long way to go, and that the voice of rich, black LA is simply the new voice of Uncle Tom.

Isn't there still a lot of prejudice embedded in every layer of America society?

Ronnie: "There's a lot of prejudice everywhere. I think that the media focuses more on the United States. The rest of the world focuses more on the United States for what reason I don't know — maybe they have their own prejudices.

"But there's a lot of prejudice all over the world. Prejudice means to pre-judge, like Christians and Catholics — they've been fighting for centuries. Prejudice in our country is between blacks and whites; blacks believe in one way and whites believe in the other, but we've overcome a lot of stigmas throughout the years.

"You can live anywhere you want in the US as long as you don't break the law. It's a great country. I think a lot of the time the media don't get a chance to see us as we really are.

"Y'see, the media is strange. In other countries, the media only shows the killing and the riots, but that's not news to everybody. There's a lot of good things happening, a lot of accomplishments that have taken place in the last 20 years."

Like what?

"For instance, with the civil rights movements and the blacks, it took a lot of people to die to get things accomplished and laws changed. And to get schools to accept people going to school anywhere in the United States. I remember the first black guy who ever went to a white school had to have a guard, National Guardsmen to take him to the classroom. He still lives in Mississippi and loves it, y'know? So that's something that's changed just from him taking those risks with his life.

"Y'see, that's the sort of country we have — people do take risks but they take them for a

purpose. They take risks to insure things get better for humanity's sake."

EVEN WITHOUT dragging sociological findings into the discussion (mainly because I don't know any), if you look at any of the statistics for crime, poverty or unemployment you'll find that in the age of ham-actor Reagan things are generally worse, not better. One thing stays the same — the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, and if you're black chances are you're going to be in the latter category. It's sad to think the lucky few could forget so soon.

Ronnie: "There's a lot of defence tactics being made by both sides, we're spending lots of dollars and so are the Russians, but I don't get off into the politics of that. We have real competent people taking care of those problems. I just like to write music."

From writing, performing and producing music The Gap Band have made a great deal of money.

Robert: "Yeah, we've made very many dollars. Heh heh heh! We've been very lucky. We put most of the money back into The Gap Band, besides buying a house and looking after the family and the kids. We pretty much funded the Total Experience package; we brought Yarbrough And Peoples to the label. It's just like family, we knew them before they even got involved in the business."

Ronnie: "We just want to continue to party and make people happy. If we stopped to count all our money we're going to miss something and lose some fans because they're going to buy someone else's records. Y'see what I'm saying? But we really don't have to stop and count all our money, we have an accountant to do that."

NO, RONNIE, Robert and Charlie aren't about to fire off a revolution. They're no mugs either, they formed their own publishing and

production companies, built their own recording studios, and now they're putting their fingers in the movie industry pie.

Ronnie: "We're into the film business now too.

There's a couple of movies that we're doing soundtracks for. We're signing contracts with Sylvester Stallone for his new *Flashdance* movie which is kind of like *Saturday Night Fever*. We're also doing a film score for a movie called *Cocaine Fever*, which is an anti-cocaine movie.

"Drugs are a big problem everywhere in the world; but in America the laws could probably be a little stricter with drug abusers. In countries like China, for instance, there's virtually no drug problem, there's virtually no prostitution because of the penalties that are incurred. Heh heh heh — know what I mean?"

THIS GAP Band story actually began about a year ago when in one of the infrequent cases of bad corporate organisation, myself and Joe Stevens were flown to Nashville Tennessee (of all places) to interview the group. It seemed inevitable that the proposed concert was cancelled and we never got our interview. The weird disembodied redneck environment of Nashville seemed about as likely a place to interview a top funk band as Barrow-in-Furness.

But we knocked about a bit and one of the sights that really amazed me was a house downtown which had a plaque to commemorate the fact that the first white man ever to come to Nashville had lived there. It was still standing, white-washed, and preserved a tribute to supremacist civilisation and 'integrity'. Huh, some land of liberty and equality.

Ronnie: "I wouldn't say that. It's just a Country and Western town. It goes back to the freedom of the country. Every area has the right to like or dislike what they want to, it's just a matter of fact. But when it comes to liking music that don't make no difference, not in Nashville. They just happen to

be good old boys who love to play and pick music."

Ronnie sits back, smiles and chuckles lightheartedly. His brothers smile and start to laugh too. But then, I guess with their money they can well afford to.

Robert and Charlie were still at school when Ronnie formed The Gap Band. They all used to gather round with their Mamma and Poppa to sing in the church choir. As Pop was the local preacher, the boys were expected to really make their mark on Sundays.

"Mom and us kids would get ready to sing and Dad would give us one of those famous looks, warning us that if we didn't tear up the church house and have everybody shouting by the time he got up to speak, we were in for a whoppin'."

Their sister Loretta is still in Tulsa and leads the congregation from the church organ. The boys, however, hankered after something else.

Ronnie: "Well, the music was quite different, but it wasn't hard to make the transition because both types are heartfelt — gospel comes from the heart, and soul and pop, rock or R&B, whatever you want to call the music we play, is something you can really feel too."

I think it's Catholics who say you can try to leave the church, but the church will never leave you. Whatever, The Gap Band still have dedications to Big G on some of their LPs. Do they see their music as, gulp, *God's work*?

Ronnie: "Not exactly. However, there again, maybe — because we have an opportunity to say things and speak to the masses and the messages may be presented in a novel way, but there's a lot of meaning in the lyrics.

"You might say that, but we're not fanatic preachers, though in some of the lyrics like in 'Oops Upside Your Head', underneath all the joking there is a message with Jack and Jill and the kids. There we're talking to young kids to take more care with birth control measures and stuff like that."

WHEN ROBERT and Charles left school, the fraternity asserted its strength and the rest of the members of Ronnie's group got the elbow. The Gap Band came into being.

Robert: "It wasn't such a big change, it was an honour for us to continue with the name Gap Band. We were the nucleus of that group but there was a hard time with the original nine piece. There was a lot of animosity because the others thought the three brothers were controlling things. Well, *they were!*"

It was musty old Leon Russell, himself a natch'l born Tulsa boy, who gave The Gap Band their first break employing them as his backing group. It was before synthesisers had been perfected and the group had adapted to its present day synthesised funk format, and their line-up was basically post-Stax (bass, guitar, drums, organ and horns). They played a few supports for Ike and Tina Turner and The Rolling Stones. Curiously Ronnie refers to the latter outfit in the singular.

"In the mid-'70s we were fortunate enough to open up a few shows for him. Of course it was a great experience. There was 60,000 people waiting to see him, but we were very cordially received. We're big rock'n'roll fans; we got a lot of our training in rock'n'roll."

The most brilliant Gap Band tracks show this edge in their work. Surging, spitting blasts of venomous funk like 'Oops Upside Your Head', 'Burn Rubber On Me', 'Early In The Morning' and 'Dropped A Bomb On Me'. All these songs are sizzling hard-backed funk with a hearty punch and a superb range and density. But like many of their contemporaries, The Gap Band's LPs are a lot less durable than their singles. Particularly on their latest album, their ingratiating attempts to reach a mass audience sound like oceans of sentimental slop. Perhaps this is an inevitable result of living in Los Angeles.

Ronnie: "We all live in Los Angeles because it's very hard to get involved in the music business in Tulsa. Leon Russell tried to move from LA to Tulsa, but it's hard, things fall away. It's just not a music business environment, it's more a family sort of thing."

They don't think it's the sort of place that numbs the braincells, either.

"It's...*real great*. It does lend itself to making competitive music because of the competitive nature of the city itself."

To me it seems to be a place cut off from everything around it. There's no friction or involvement with the rest of the world, or even the rest of America. Don't they ever get fired up or outraged at the injustices that go on around them everyday?

"No! No, we just write about them and it doesn't really make you angry because things take their own course. All things relative to human life have a way of working themselves out, and I imagine there's a lot of racial problems in Britain too. We see a lot of bad things, but I wish the media wouldn't do that because there are a lot of good things and sometimes it's not important to the masses that those incidents should come across."

I tell them that contrary to what they think, the popular media image of America is that of our mighty friend against the Russians. Better dead than Red, eh boys?

An Obituary
by Paul Du Noyer

BILLY FURY

17 April 1941 — 28 January 1983

HALFWAY TO PARADISE

LAST FRIDAY afternoon, Billy Fury's cheating heart stopped beating, and so beat him, once and for all time.

Persecuted for years by a coronary condition — the deadly legacy of rheumatic fever contracted in childhood — the singer succumbed in a London hospital.

BILLY FURY... a daft sort of name, really.

He was a teenage tugboat man, called Ron Wycherley. Big pay packets on the Mersey, then; handy for a flash kid with even bigger daydreams. How did he tell his mates, back at the pub in Bootle, first time he came home? "Look lads, it's not Ron any more, right? It's Billy. Erm, Billy Fury."

You can picture the pint-spluttering mirth. And him such a shy lad, deep down. It can't have been easy.

"Britain to my mind has produced only two great singers; one of them is John Lydon and the other is Billy Fury" — Ian Dury.

WHAT DID someone once say about seeing a dog walk on its hind legs? Something like: what struck you is not whether it's done well, but simply that the

beast can do it at all. English rock'n'roll, 1958 or so, came to the same thing. Until there was Billy Fury.

So he made a tape, the tugboat Teddy Boy, and got the mighty Decca interested. Then Marty Wilde, big star, arrived to play Birkenhead. So Ron Wycherley snuck into the dressing room with a guitar, impressed the big manager man Larry Parnes. Five minutes later he'd joined the tour. Five days later he read in the *Daily Mirror* that his name was Billy Fury. News to him. It could all happen that way those days.

"One thing about me is that I'm a terrible loner. I think I was born with three brick walls around me. No — four brick walls: I knocked the back one out... People sometimes used to think I was a real moody sod. But I was just shy" — Billy Fury, *NME* interview 19/12/81.

HE WAS biggest between 1959 and 1963, when the hits came thickest and fastest: big number, pneumatic ballads, most of them. 'Halfway To Paradise', a Goffin/King song, will probably last longest. 'Jealousy', 'A Thousand Stars', maybe a dozen more, they all did the business too. All through, he thought he'd die soon — it was in the heart-doctors' eyes.

Onstage early on (so say the greybeards; the rest of us must make do with fading *Oh Boy!* clips) he was epic — the way Eddie Cochran was, and Cliff Richard wasn't.

Golden suit, black shirt collar turned up. Sullen, hooded eyes, oozing bruised hurt. Shoulders hunched, pathetically self-protective yet provocative with it. (Got him banned from Dublin, that business.) When the drama climbed, his hand reached out and

snapped shut. A twist of the wrist and back the hand came, so he could open the palm to see what he's grasped. And find it empty...

People fell for it. He was typical Larry Parnes stable stuff, like Marty Wilde / Johnny Gentle / Vince Eager / Duffy Power / Dickie Pride. Billy Fury: a teen-tearaway, yes, a rebel, sure, but a good kid really. All he needs is some love.

Any true Fury snob will recommend you his first LP, 'The Sound Of Fury'. A 1960 ten-incher, rereleased by Decca not long since, in a sense it was his *Sun Sessions*. Ten tracks, he wrote them all himself — nobody's dumb puppet — but (typically self-effacing) he stuck a phoney name by half of them. The ballads transcend the schmaltz of their time, touch with tenderness. And the rockers! Superb, springy, all a-bristle with rockabilly bounce. (He grew up on Hank Williams and Gene Vincent, the very best way.) Seek out this before you decide Billy Fury means nothing to you.

And then... The Beatles, of course, and the group boom that exiled solo stars to the Northern supper clubs. In Billy's case, the time meant worse and worse health as well. And soon, retirement, to a farm in the countryside, his first real love. Perhaps that's when his real life began: caring for sick animals as an RSPCA helper, building a bird sanctuary, rearing race horses, mourning a ravaged natural environment, even a hunt saboteur on the quiet. A dignified recluse.

The '70s meant more hospitals, more nature work. But in 1972 there was a rock'n'roll spectacular at Wembley Stadium, where you saw the quiff-and-drape faithful receive him with respect (they canned Gary Glitter, even howled down Little Richard). And in the concert souvenir you might have spotted an itemette about unknown young Malcolm McLaren. A small-time flogger of Ted-threads down Kings Road, Malc speaks of his dream: to complete an art-school film about Billy Fury; "Britain's only rock'n'roll singer of note," he says.

1973: Try and catch the cameo role in *That'll Be The Day* (and look for his cuts on the soundtrack LP, especially Townshend's song, 'Long Live Rock'). Forget Fury's early films — *Play It Cool* (1962) and *I've Gotta Horse* (1965).

IN LATE '81, something made me go to my first, and possibly last, record company reception. Billy Fury was back and signed to Polydor (the results released so far are not worth bothering with).

We met for a minute, while he spoke wistfully of Liverpool, before he was pulled away by a posse of Radio One personalities, who all spoke much louder than he did. Then I was cornered by Larry Parnes, regaling me with rosy tales of his boy back in the good old days. Billy, meanwhile, went through the PR motions with tired eyes and a brave display of willing.

Just a couple of weeks ago, he was at the *NME* Christmas Party — full of new plans and optimism... you know, the way people *always* are in these obituary things.

BILLY FURY — the man, the private individual — has died, but his music hasn't. (Some things are true, even if Hughie Green could have said them.)

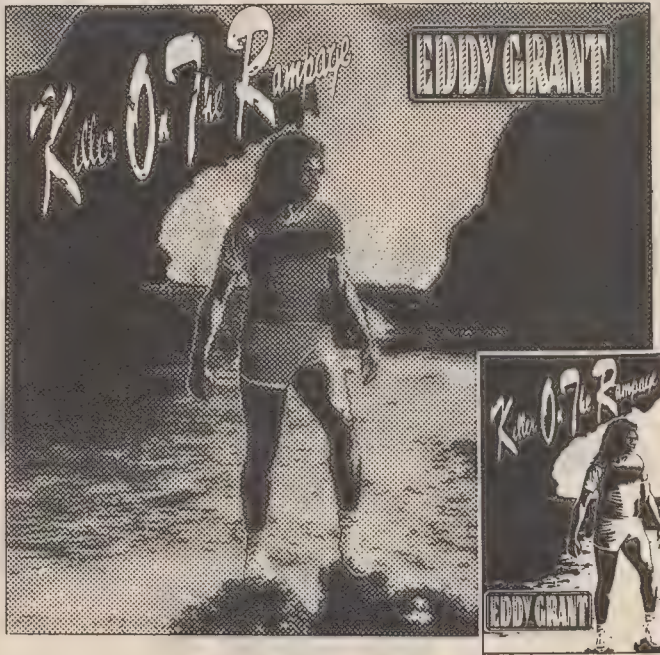
Ron Wycherley is dead. Long live Billy Fury.

photo:
Harry Hammond

Soft Cell: Art of Falling Apart

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NME Racket Packet
Stompin' At The Savoy

SINGLES

Reviewed by

JULIE BIRCHILL

RANDY NEWMAN & PAUL SIMON: The Blues (Warners) Stand-up singer-songwriter Randy Newman puts an affectionate boot in near-genius and all-round short person Paul Simon — aided and abetted by the man with the voice like a baby's bottom himself. Not since 'A Simple Desultory Philippic (Or How I Was Robert MacNamara'd Into Submission)' (ask your granny or A.J. Weberman) has a travesty been committed with such charm:

"He's gonna tell you 'bout his Uncle Neddy/Locked up in a prison out in Oregon/He's gonna tell you 'bout his best friend Eddie/Killed in a bar fight with a pair of Marines/And a sailor/Oh/He's got the blues, this boy/Has got the blues/You can hear it in his music..."

The next time Mr Simon sits down to write another — albeit heartrending — song about his appendicitis scar he will remember this moment — and think again — and be a better man for it! Now, Paul; wasn't that much more fun than mooring harmonies with a man who's the spitting image of a balding bogbrush?

MUSICAL YOUTH: Never Gonna Give You Up (MCA) The banality quota could be unbearable here — "Life is a mystery" and "Love is like the wind" are two unfortunate Thoughts For The Day that stand out — if one didn't make allowances for extreme youth and if Musical Youth didn't make all they touch turn to Christmas music.

If this one wants to follow 'Pass The Dutchie' to the summit of the chart then it must put another nail in the nation's heart — the video that accompanied their debut, you remember, portrayed the boys in the dock for nothing more than playing their music and not keeping off the grass — aw! — and I strongly recommend another ingenious, ingenious shot: the boys as poor little chimney sweeps, perhaps, ultimately triumphing against all odds. Orville incarnate!

Play little Kelvin's voice to your parents; break your mother's heart. Musical Youth; anything less than applause would be churlish.

RALPH DORPER: Eraserhead (Operation Twilight) DIVA: Sentimental Promenade (Palace Video) On principle I never watch a film made later than 1958, so all I can tell you about these flicks is that they were cult successes — which means they were seen by a grand total of nine people (including the usherette and the Kia-Ora cutie) in a Mill Hill art house. 'Eraserhead' sounds like Kraftwerk playing with themselves — rotten — while 'Sentimental Promenade' sounds like a baby grand in a padded cell — wonderful stuff.

DONNA SUMMER: The Woman In Me (Warners) Is this a torrid re-issue or a pious original? Carry On Putting Out or Carry On Preaching? Well, it's sort of a cross (sic) between the two — imagine Imagination in the confession box. Donna Summer's next logical step would be a song called 'I Feel (Up God)'.

The B-side is the most interesting thing about the record, interesting and disgusting. 'Living In America' is a sort of rhinestoned version of Normie Tebbit's black market barnstormer 'Get On Your Bikes (Thatcher Rap)'. Positivism, which is what this song preaches, is just

American Negro newspeak for buckling down in style; Donna Summer, who should be striking a blow and having a ball, is the biggest ball of confusion on two off-white feet. Keep your eyes peeled for some kind of suicide attempt/cry for help within the next six months — it's trad, dad.

BARDO: Hang On To Your Heart (Epic)

JOHNNY LOGAN: Becoming Electric (Epic) Give them enough Europea and they'll hang themselves! Conclusive proof that whether you win or whether you lose the wretched song contest your capability to eject totally pointless records at regular intervals will not be affected one whit. The best bit of the Eurovision is, of course, the final reckoning up, when old national grievances come to light — "Oh look, the Krauts only gave us three! — still cheered off about Dresden, obviously." My pick the year Bardo did their worst were a Finnish punk band who sang a sweet little song about not wanting to be neutron bombed by the Americans, and received exactly nil points — "non pointe!" — for their troubles. They were very peeved and said of poor Nicole, the winner, "If the world wants a silly German virgin in the world can stick her." Phew!

Bardo, being put together by the masterminds who had originally put Buck's Fizz on the path to world domination, were sure they'd win and looked incredibly peeved when they didn't — but I wasn't surprised at all; they looked like Buck's Fizz's afterbirth and they sang what sounded like a Buck's Fizz B-side that had been rejected for not being up to scratch. They haven't changed.

But Johnny Logan has! "O! love you Oirland!" he blubbed when he won the Eurovision in 1980 with a self-pitying slab of depressed supperclub divorcee dirge; now on the sleeve he pouts ingratiatingly and tries to be a moderne machine man! As if! "I am becoming electric/Power is building inside/All of my senses are burning/Becoming electrified." Johnny Logan as a moderne machine man is about as convincing as Orville as opium eater — "I wish that I wasn't an opium eater — but I yam!"

UB40: I've Got Mine (DEP) **DEPECHE MODE:** Get The Balance Right (Mute) **SLF:** The Price Of Admission (Chrysalis) Despair? Hopeless? Suicidal? You will be!

UB40, Depeche Mode and SLF raise their woeful heads sounding like callers to the Samaritans who got the answering machine. UB40 wear their white man's burden like it was a marketing device; you can tap your P45s along to this one but somehow their uptempo attempts at jauntiness only make their slothful melancholy ever more apparent. It's iron deficiency as integrity; you should be able to get pills from the doctor for what UB40 have got.

The Depeche Mode malaise stems of course from Vince that got away — the day he left must have broke their collective heat; it certainly broke their run of hits. Like their other post-Clarke product, this makes you think that they took three months choosing the graphics and three minutes writing the song. Of course, history repeated itself here — behind every great

musical difference there is a woman: in this case Alf, the Yoko Ono of Whitmore Way!

SLF are in spectacularly maudlin mood — the male lead has been so savagely spurned that he has been reduced to whingeing impersonations of John Denver, all acoustic angst in the air pie and windy pudding of your mind. So the hard core of SLF fans will not be disappointed there's a treat in store for both of them — the strumming whimsy of a tragedy that is always closer to Claire Rayner than the Prince of Denmark takes a back seat for the hookline chorus, which is bellowed with SLF's customary finesse. An incongruous link in this doleful drive, rather as if the aforementioned Dr Denver suddenly interrupted one of his greatest hits to roar: "I don't give a damn I don't fucking care, I'm gonna get some bleeding mountain air!"

MAGGIE BELL:

Crazy (Swansong) **GENE OCTOBER:** Suffering In The Land (Illegal) Do you like Joplin? — I don't know, I've never joggled! Well, Maggie does and has and is joggling still — Neanderthal woman lurching out of a smelly old van, forsaking the motorways and the crippling college circuit where the audience is always 18 and invulnerable while you're another year older and deeper in debt for the relative comfort of the recording studio, hoping to rack up a few bob for her old age — coming soon. This is like the mawkish streak in Chas and Dave — unrequited last orders — like 'The Stripper' trying to get out of her cement overcoat.

After Elkie Brooks' defection to the chatshow and cabaret side of the street I find it very hard to feel compassion for these goodtime strutting mommas — five'll get you ten that if Frank "Mr Smarm" Delaney cast his bloodshot blue eyes old Maggie's way she'd be down Madame Desiree's for a shampoo and set and jump into a Playtex 18 Hour Girdle and splash herself all over with Tramp quicker than you can say "Back in the van, we've got to get to Penge Poly by nine!" — but I do think that Maggie Bell has led a sad life, a very rock-and-roll-gave-you-all-the-best-years-of-my-life.

People really should be discouraged from devoting their lives to rock and roll — better to stick with stamp-collecting; you can flog a stamp collection for a fortune — because it can damage your health, but even worse than that it can make you numb, it can make you senile at a shockingly early age.

Gene too is a trouper of a kind; he was a lavatory attendant at the Roxy, for all you kiddies too young and pure to be cognisant with every last nook and cranny of la belle punk, and he was famous for sucking in his cheeks so far down his throat that it qualified as cannibalism. This Jimmy Cliff cover is marginally less respectful of black culture than dressing up in a pointy hood and a sheet and burning crosses on Paul Boateng's lawn. The poor man's Billy Idol — phew, how's that for a trash aesthetic?

DEF LEPPARD Photograph (Vertigo) Deaf as a post? Go gaga for anything in tight trousers and a bubble cut? Suffer from advanced cretinism — tense, nervous, advanced cretinism? Yes, yes, yes? Go to it, pop picker!

ALLEZ ALLEZ: Flesh And Blood (Virgin) **PIGBAG:** Hit The O Deck (Y) The French have a phrase for it — *nostalgie de la boue*, which translates as nostalgia for the primitive beginnings of man and accounts for the French habit of defying a different black each season — Chocolat, Bricktop, Bobby Short, Josephine Baker, Jannick Noah; it is an insulting predilection (as if blacks did not have the same intellectual capacities as your average lazy-minded Frenchman!) and can be seen at its parody apex in the relationship between Grace and Goude. It's a revolting charade — and that ain't no value judgement, that's a fact.

In recent years pallid young Englishers have left their thesis to rot on splintery library tables and have crept into the disco to play with the magic wands that make black dance music. They too suffer from *nostalgie de la boue* — they wish to be led by the groin rather than the brain, they advertise in Lonely Hearts columns that they like Sartre, Superman and... spontaneity! As if it was possible to plan to be spontaneous!

A lot of them formed bands. A few of them even got recording contracts!

Take Allez Allez. They got that itchy, twitchy brass, they got that spider-fly bassline, the band can play a very good imitation of the best black dance music — and it won't move you a muscle. The girl keeps yelling "I carry a torch for you!" which is just so... so white, so prosaic; the ache and sob in the voice of the girls who sing black dance music take it for granted that everyone knows they are carrying a torch the size of the Empire State, it is a reflex beyond advertising.

Take Pigbag; they pound away at what they imagine is a primitive pace, bashing away at the bongoes, wailing, whithering, posing on their record sleeve with a real ethnic Negro ("Hi Mum!" say their shocked, smug smiles. "I've got a real black friend and here I am recording our acquaintance in case my friends at college don't believe me!"), acting abandoned and wilful and wild on vinyl... and they sound like the most decent bunch of pacifists ever to sing around the campfire at Greenham Common (those women are admirable in the extreme, but let's face it, their incredible shrill, middle-class, soppy voices are second in awfulness only to those of The Bellé Stars) — no grease, no grit, no it.

Poor Mr Rimbaud could tell them a cautionary tale or two — now there's a Frenchman with the most chronic case of *nostalgie de la boue* you ever heard of. He died in Africa of the after effects of the most terrible operation that a witch doctor performed on him; Rimbaud wanted desperately to be black, and would settle for nothing less than a black skin. Apparently it was agony. If poor Mr Rimbaud was alive today, I really think he'd tell these pale young English people to get back to the library and leave it at writing sensitive sonnets to the Noble Savage.

Better to be safe than sorry; because when you are led by the groin, by *nostalgie de la boue*, you are often led to death's door.

HALL & OATES: One On One (RCA) **CHRISTOPHER CROSS:** All Right (Warners)

KENNY ROGERS AND SHEENA EASTON: We've Got Tonight (Liberty) Americans want to forget — the past, the present and the future — so all the things they fill their leisure with — the drugs, films, music — must resemble JACUZZIS, whirlpools to wash the messed up mind blank. Make young Americans forget and you make a mint.

What is annoying about Hall & Oates is that you never know what they're pretending to be — black or white, normal or queer. But while they annoy they don't offend — they could never offend. Nothing about them is offensive — unless you are offended by paralysing good taste — and nothing about them INTERFERES with you — they are just black enough, just lustful enough. BUT JUST IS NOT ENOUGH!

Hall & Oates have meaningful relationships rather than dirty weekends. They go jogging rather than juicing. They aim to look like Olivia Newton-John rather than John Travolta. And they have the creeping sleeping sickness. But it doesn't matter to young America — they feel safe with John and Daryl, their favourite babysitters. When the career girl gets home from a hard day at the office and she's too scared to go out because of herpes and that horrible thing that happened to Diane Keaton in *Looking For Mr Goodbar*, she puts her briefcase under the bed and who do you think is on the stereo as she plugs in the vibrator? Why Hall & Oates, of course, singing soft songs of pasteurized love...

America loves duets because everyone there is divorced by the time they reach the age of 12 and has half a dozen alimonies to live up to by the time they get the key of the door. Therefore it's nice once in a while to see a girl and a guy (or in this case a girl and her grandad) with nothing more on their minds than the night, the wine and the music (and the royalties, but let's leave MONEY out of this). Rogers wants to be young and Easton wants to be a Yank so really this set-up couldn't be snugger — I can call it a slack-jawed hack-out of lachrymose lechery until I'm blue in the face but that won't stop it from wading in and relieving Jennifer Warnes and her old grandad of their soppy duetting success.

It will be a real relief for poor old Joe Cocker to be able to stop being one half of America's token happy couple when Sheena and Kenny get there — then he can off and drink himself senseless with all that money he's earned, and to hell with hearts and wholesomeness.

Christopher Cross looks like a hybrid of Bill Bunter and the butter mountain, and seems like Ignatius J. Reilly after his mother has made him have his brain removed. His singing voice is uniquely like a eunuch's. People always called Elv Costello "uneasy listening" — well, this record makes ME feel uneasy because it's like being patted on the head ceaselessly for three and a half minutes by a huge hand. I hear that Mr Cross is massive in America — well, heh heh, he'd be massive anywhere.

NATASHA: I Can't Go On (Towerball) Natasha! Maggie Bell in Kim Wilde's clothing! They call her Natasha but she looks like — Barbara Windsor! Well, you can't stone a girl to death outside the city walls for that.

Relinquishing her Xerox machine to Stiff's ugly sisters, Natasha gracefully changes direction — turn left at the face that launched a thousand flyposters and there you are. Yes, someone must have given Natasha a copy of the Private Stock 'Blondie' revelation after all these years!

Alas, when apeing Deborah Harry in her early arrogant assignation stride, when attempting to fill the void she left, girls forget that as well as a penchant for peroxide she also had a voice that could give a Wurliizer gooseflesh, a once in a lifetime voice. And while her backing band were not exactly The Shadows they were certainly nowhere near as naff as the shower backing Miss England (Natasha's name — corny but true).

And another thing; although she verged at times on the simpering, Miss Harry never crawled on her belly like a snake through the lyrics of her songs, attempting to make the listener feel like King of the Universe. In the immortal words of the Brooklyn Bard Stephen Sondheim, "If you gotta grind it, wait till you've refined it!" — take heed to succeed, Natasha!

VANITY 6: He's So Dull (Warners)

THE GYMSLIPS: Big Sister (Abstract)

SINNAMON: He's Gonna Take You Home (To His House) (Becket)

Girl groups — would be bold and sassy, come across as cold and brassy. Why is the girl group as dead as a dodo in Janet Reger camiknickers? — discuss. Toto Belle Banana have about as much guts and gusto as 15 dead sloths on their way to the dentists compared with those sweet '60s finger-poppers that Barry, Greenwich and Spector poured into pedal pushers and etched epics for — why is this, class? No cribbing, now.

It is probably due to the fact that girls today are too autonomous to be convincing singing those masterpieces of frustration and family friction and fear of freedom; to be convincing belting out a confessional along the lines of 'You Can Never Go Home Anymore' you need to have a good strict repressive Mulberry Street heritage to draw on, right down to the old priest checking up on you out of the blue at least once a week. The glory that was the girl group could grow only from an adolescence of longing and yearning and pining within rigid moral guidelines — their songs were the scream of fifty thousand starstruck teenagers when their untouchable idol walks up to the footlights made art.

The relaxing of sexual morals, from an aesthetic point at least, was a terrible mistake; just as there can be no more Anna Kareninas ("Why did the stupid bitch kill herself?" would be the reaction in these divorced days) there will be no more hothouses of hysteria in which great girl groups can bloom. The only heirs to their tear-soaked throne currently working are boys — Musical Youth, who are given the family ties to strain against by virtue of the fact that they are revelling in puppyfat and puberty, they are so very young. But on the whole the guilt that was the gilt on the gingerbread is gone, and a whole genre and joy forever with it.

• continues page 34

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David Dorrell listens to Kirk Brandon's 'no holds, unlimited game' theory and shudders. Pic: Nick Knight.

Spear of destiny



LAST YEAR Kirk Brandon ran a very complex show: *The Theatre Of Hate*.

For the casual observer it had the appearance of an enigma wrapped tightly in its own grandiose riddle; an image that was at first inspiring but ultimately insipid.

To the wary critic it had become its own false idol, shedding once solid maxims for garbled aphorisms and gory arguments: Hate stumbled when they led, and crumbled rapidly when they dared to conquer. Brandon, the rebel with a brain, had become another impotent prophet in the three ring wasteland, the Theatre a circus.

Departures followed failure, a decline came with stagnation and by October the curtains had closed on the show for the last time, though as Brandon added as an epilogue (with his usual tenacity): "The phoenix shall rise from the desert."

This year Kirk Brandon is running a show with added complexity; and slowly, almost inexorably, the bird is rising and the theories flowing.

Some have already daubed it with the same hateful brush that coloured last year's demise, and the revised act itself came close to censure on the opening night. Brandon will tell you that he has little

time for those writers with tunnel vision or a jack-boot stamp for every halfcut band. Admittedly it is a cruel big top and KB would rather have it as "a no holds, unlimited game" for all comers. But try telling that to those that would cripple the fox before the hunt.

THE MANOR recording studios in Oxfordshire is in perfect hunting country; a long, rough hewn building that lies low amidst the familiar greys and greens of the surrounding hillocks. The dogs of war come in the shape of an Irish Wolfhound that stands chest high, and eats from your hand — typical of the deception of image.

This is the place in which the Spear have gone to earth, recording their debut LP, *'The Spear Of Destiny'* which should be released in April. The long overdue single *'The Flying Scotsman'* will be released on February 25. The band are tired, very tired. But at least everything is ready now. The chase is on.

The new, or at least present lineup, is a mixture of style and influence: new sax player, Lascelle, is an amicable African with a brass that flutters tantalizingly on the edge of 'sharp' and eventually settles for a deep blue note of tropicality that is only one of the new aspects that smile comfortably upon the face of the band. Chris Bell, of Thompson Twin infamy, drives the Spear home with his

skin pounding drumming. Kirk plays at guitar, and Stan is forever the bassman at the wedding.

And the man that intends to pierce the heart of darkness? Kirk Brandon, a compact 26-year-old, as lucid and as strong as the whole concept that he is ensconced in. The flame white razor head is replaced by a mousey tangle that would be the undoing of any that proposed a sudden air of timidity in the new KB. He chuckles frequently, usually at the oddest events, like a schoolboy who is in on the secret. But this is no wind up.

But why did the Theatre doors close? Was the run really a failure?

"Nothing failed," he answers, surprised that anybody could suggest otherwise. "It was a success; we opened up paths, opportunities for people to see things. Enable them to come through. As far as the record industry is concerned it showed them that there was a way through. No matter what anybody tells you, it is completely open-ended — everything is permitted..."

Then why did you go to CBS? Manager Terry Razor, a canny, financial Scottish wizard takes the answer fast.

"Being an independent company person you've got to buy stuff, the system, because there is nothing but the system. Why go to CBS? Why do you need shoes? A house?

Because it's part of it. The only way through is to go through it — because there's no other way."

I decline to enter a fiscal ring with this sparring partner and make a grab for Brandon instead.

What is the Spear's internal philosophy, what has really changed? The reply is couched in Brandon's slow, dry accent, and each word is mulled over for a few seconds before he speaks.

"On a musical front I always wanted *Spear Of Destiny*, but I could never get it through all the comings and goings and shortcomings of *Theatre Of Hate*. I've now got musically what I want — where I'm going I've probably got the greatest start of them all. Instead of telling a band that there is an open-ended system I've gone ahead and done it."

But is there more to it than just that? He stops, looks at the boss and asks if it's wise to say. The affirmative comes up as the answer.

"Christ up on Calvary, right? At the end the Jewish high priests were coming up to mangle his legs and his body so that the scriptures could not be fulfilled, so he couldn't rise from the dead. ('No bone of him shall be broken.' John 19.36)

"At that moment a centurion called Longinus, who had watched Christ suffer, and who had compassion for his bravery, pierced him between the fourth and fifth ribs of his

right side with a spear to see if he was dead or not. That spear has gone to a lot of people since then — Otto The Great, Frederick Barbarossa etc. In the last instance it was in the Hofburg museum in Vienna until the Fuehrer got hold of it. The whole of the Inner Nazi party was comprised of occultists etc, and it's said that the man who holds the Spear, whether his spirit is for evil or good, controls the destiny of the world.

"The Americans finally got it out of a secret vault beneath Nuremburg Castle, and it's now back in Vienna."

"The Spear as a symbol, is an incredible thing. The Spear that I relate to the world is an opening up of the conscious mind of all the young people. Using it as a symbol of all their movement — the new renaissance in arts, literature, whatever. As that symbol it is an incredibly potent thing. If it helps to put it like that to people, if it helps to say these things, to do these things then in humility we are called *Spear Of Destiny*."

Heavy. But will the youth take heed of this spiritual call?

"Yeah, they will. They'll take heed of themselves. They're more aware, more alive than they ever begun to think they were, or than they were led to believe... It's a strong thing, a young thing. It's real strong since we had the last upheaval."

Will you be at the front... "Put me on a cross you mean?"

No, not martyr, more rebel leader...

"If I go to the bullring and die by the bull for the audience, fine. Then they're gonna have to go into the ring themselves."

He smirks. But he is serious. Believe me, Brandon is as serious as ever.

"They have to face the beast themselves — and their fate to use a melodramatic word."

"All I can say is, are you led into it? Have you got the option on it? Can you say NO? Have you got a will of your own? Have you responsibility? If not to yourself then the people you know. It comes down to that eventually."

But aren't you over-estimating it, yourself? "Let it speak for itself."

THAT MYSTICISM and power are constantly struggling to find each other is an old truth. But for Brandon the search would be at an end. In reality there is little that is sinister about his ideas and within the gravity of his thought some things smack of the fool's idiom. And yet the fool has always been regarded as the greatest of truth sayers. In comparison, The Temple Of is a very dark and dangerous state of mind.

Conversely the hardening of thought and ideal is at odds with what I describe to Kirk as the 'mellowing of sound'. Fortunately that's something he doesn't agree with. He sinks further into the sofa and offers a biting sarcasm in reply.

"What a Les Paul and a Marshall Stack? I've done that for years, that's too limiting. Just plug it in — eh? — and bash it out. So what? You end up looking at yourself and you see an audience parodying you, all going, *Yang, Yang, Yang* — and you're going *yang, yang, yang*."

"So there's certain things

wrong, a lot wrong. A lot of misconceptions, a lot of dishonesty — all these things. If I'm just standing there going, *yang, yang, yang*; what does that mean? What the fuck? What am I trying to say? So now I've got solutions for these people, pointing the way, allowing things. Otherwise the house lights are up and they're saying, Well what are we gonna do? I have to say what is true, what is going on — I have to talk to them personally. Offer things, show them the way."

"You talk about mellow... NO! The things we are doing now, that's some hard sound. Marshall amps? Beating the shit out? That's peasant's stuff."

Is this the ultimate? "The ultimate? The ultimate beginning, yeah!"

Can the rest keep pace with your ideals? Are they as spiritually strong as you feel they are musically?

"What do you want?"

Answers.

"Is the truth enough?"

Can I ask for more?

"No," a long, resigned sign of a no. "They're nice people, excellent musicians, great people to be with, love them all, respect them. They can't get more out of me than those things."

Then the burden is once more on Brandon's slim shoulders. What will happen? Would you kill *Spear Of Destiny* for success?

"There's no such thing as success, really."

Then for your ideals...

"Let's put it this way: when it starts happening there won't be a need for people like me. They'll do it themselves, that's the idea. Just as it was in the beginning — they're more advanced than I am."

I argue, that for most people lethargy and complacency are the better of two evils. That the soma fed masses are apathetic to the country's core rotting malaise — that they're content to let things amble on.

"They don't seem happy in this self-styled purgatory. They don't seem to be enjoying themselves. If you ask them, it's alright. Instead of saying, I wish, I hope, please, they go and do something about it. If it means taking it, if it means bloody revolution, do it. Everything is possible, no holds, unlimited."

"You see, between the difference of reality and truth there is a wide, wide margin. Sometimes they crossover — a lot of the time they don't — depending on whose eyes it's coming out of and how much deception they feel they have to practise at the time. And we all know what's real, what's true — but it's very easy to cover it up. In fact it's much nicer to cover it all up."

MAYBE THE *Spear Of Destiny* have found a proper advocate in Kirk Brandon. That is for the future to reveal, but on closing the interview and summing up what he has and hasn't achieved a host of paradoxes emerge.

Simply it is that Brandon has taken on an almost Kafkaesque mantle, where he determines yet through his ambition, simultaneously opposes his every step. Whatever his destiny this ambiguity remains and will remain until he decides to take part in his own "no holds, unlimited game".

'The Spear Of Destiny' — Trevor Ravenscroft (Weiser Books)

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SILVER SCREEN

The Incubus

DIRECTOR: John Hough
STARRING: John Cassavetes,
Kerrie Keane, John Ireland (New
Realm)

THE LATEST horror movie to
worm its way into the
undiscerning hearts of the
American public is John Hough's
adaptation of the novel by Ray
Russell. A tacky-combination of
supernatural mystery and earthy
violence, *The Incubus* fails to chill
on either score.

The story is based in a small
American town whose peace is
shattered by a chain of rapes and
murders. A widowed doctor (John
Cassavetes) is drawn into the
events by his treatment of the
victims and is hence thrown into
contact with the owner of the town
newspaper (Kerrie Keane), with
whom he falls in love. His
daughter becomes involved when
her boyfriend confides that,
through a series of nightmares
and blackouts, he suspects
himself of the crimes, but
evidence unearthed by the doctor
and the police chief (John Ireland)
points to a spiritual culprit, the
incubus, a demon capable of
assuming human form to
procreate.



"Is this a dagger I see before me?" No, it's a penurious director trying to raise money for his next film.

THE INCAPABUS

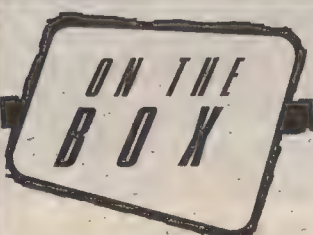
The first apparent flaw is the
heavy treatment of a weak and
predictable plot. Though the links
in the story are rarely tenuous or
complex enough to require
clarification, events are clumsily
dwelt on and stressed in
superfluous explanatory
dialogue. This concern with detail
doesn't stretch to visuals: the
problem of dreaming up a suitably
horrific monster is skimmed
delicately by showing as little as
possible of the incubus itself.

Shock impact is gained instead
from close-ups of the screaming
victims during the attack, a ploy
taken to sick extremes in one
scene where flashes of a
particularly violent rape in a
cinema toilet are superimposed
on the crass posturing of the
animalistic heavy metal band on
screen. Other visual efforts are
hackneyed tricks sneaked in from
the countless cheap TV thrillers
that have played them to death—
heavy breathing, footsteps

looming up on unsuspecting
victims, and so on.

As far as acting goes,
Cassavetes manages to sound
convincing despite the corny
cliques his script ploughs through,
and Kerrie Keane's performance
as concerned reporter is strong
enough to make the ending twist a
surprise. Sadly, it takes more than
performance to salvage a film of
this genre, and as a horror movie
The Incubus is a barrel of cheap
thrills.

Leyla Sanal



THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3

Get Smart. I haven't seen any of these
reruns yet but I can still remember how
the theme music goes. I must be
getting old. (C4)

Forty Minutes: The Rovers.
Unmissable worm's-eye-view of
big-time football, life (or the lack of it) at
Tranmere Rovers. I know how they feel
— I support Workington. (BBC2)

Lou Grant. The impetuous Rossi falls
for a convicted murderess and breaks
a cardinal law of journalism. Another
cracking script from the sassiest US
series around. (ITV)

What The Papers Say. But this is the
best TV of the week, period. Anthony
Howard dissects the Streets Of Shame
this week. (C4)

Winter Of Our Dreams (John Duigan
1981). This disappeared almost
without trace on the arthouse circuit
but the signs are that Duigan's drama
of prostitute Judy Davis getting mixed
up with Bryan Brown and discovering
Truth is soft as they come. Worth a look
if you feel susceptible to a little soap.
(C4)

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 4

The Abbott & Costello Show.
Without question the noisiest show
running, ancient vaudeville routines
which Lou Costello delivers in a voice
the literally wakens the dead. (C4)
The Tube. Don't you think it goes on
too long? 105 minutes, no doubt
patchy as ever but canny enough to
manufacture a certain excitement.
(C4)

Landscape. Not my idea of classic
Pinter, but Dorothy Tutin and Colin
Blakely will be an interesting team for
the two-hander. Written in the late '60s
and as I recall a perversely timeless
piece from a period where playwrights
couldn't decide to embrace or reject
the swinging '60s. Only Jane Austen
could top this for passions of
cellophane. (BBC2)
Reggae Sunsplash. Deneice
Williams, Chalice, Marcia Griffiths and
Lloyd Parkes. Rather thin on big
names, methinks. (C4)
Cheers. Expectations are high for this
new import, written and produced by
the Taxi crowd and set in a bar. That's
about all I can tell you, except Shelley
Long (out of Night Shift) is in it with Ted
Danson. Seems to be a baseball

flavour so you'd better bone up on
averages. (C4)

Jazz On Four. Boring presentation
continues the 'jazz is old' fallacy but
two excellent groups — Stan Tracey's
Sextet and the very fabulous Sam
Rivers Trio — make this the music
highlight of this Box by a mile. (C4)

The Sleeping Car Murders
(Costa-Gavras 1965). First picture by
the director of *Z*, *State Of Siege* etc—
and it betrays just how populist his
'tough' political thrillers are. Yves
Montand and Simone Signoret offer
strong playing in a fairly modest
mystery which crucially underlines that
C-G is basically a good 'actors'
director.

Shadows In The Night (Eugene
Forde 1944). Is this a Nina Foch
season or what? After turning up in *My
Name Is Julia Ross* and *Return Of The
Vampire*, here she is again in another
'40s meller with Warner Baxter as
forgotten hero The Crime Doctor. Can
we expect her in *Cry Of The Werewolf*
next? (C4)

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 5

The Searching Wind (William
Dieterle 1946). Robert Young and
Sylvia Sydney in fairly lumbering
romantic drama about an indecisive
diplomat wrung through by fascism, a
sort of thin pre-echo of *Mephisto* (C4)
The Other Side Of The Tracks. Hall
& Oates and Vince Clarke join in in
Gambo's 'expose' of the music biz.
When's he investigating the
scandalous way music papers staffers
get all their records free? (C4)

Detective Story (William Wyler
1951). Wyler was hardly the obvious
choice to film this seething New York
nightmare, shaded to the blackest
strain of noir, but he forced memorable
performances out of Kirk Douglas,
Eleanor Parker and William Bendix—
the tale hangs on a cop driven to
obsessive lengths to nail a man his
wife's been involved with, and in the
same way *The Best Years Of Our
Lives* emerged as *The Deer Hunter* of
its era, this comes on like a singularly
twisted prototype of the first (and
excellent) *Death Wish*. Only it's even
nastier. Highly recommended. (C4)
Sight And Sound In Concert. Thin
Lizzy in simulcast. (BBC2)

Face To Face (Ingmar Bergman
1975). Final part of Bergman's
dissection of a breakdown—
unsparing, utterly gruelling, frequently
mesmeric. Liv Ullmann is an ideal as
Brooks was to Pabst. (BBC2)
Silver Bears (Ivan Passer 1977). A
strong cast — Michael Caine, Louis
Jourdan, Cybill Shepherd—in high
finance comedy, but it should be
interesting to see how the director of
Cutter's Way dealt with this different
strata of social misdeed. (BBC1)

Operation Undercover (Milton
Katselas 1974). Cops 'n' robbers
garbage enlivened by presence of the
great Yaphet Kotto. (BBC1)

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 6

Le Grand Armour (Pierre Etaix
1968). Typically soft headed Etaix
comedy. (C4)
Enterprise. John Swinfield interviews
millionaire recluse Richard Branson.
Sounds tough. (C4)

The Avengers. New peak time for our
favourite agents. Yootha Joyce and
Paul Eddington are in this week's
nonsense about a sinister nanny,
although one of the great things about
this series is that you recognise
everybody in the cast. And they're all
quite mad. (C4 — God bless 'em)
Raffles (Sam Wood 1940). Rather
crusty but likeable fun with David Niven
as the gentleman thief. Wood directed
A Night At The Opera so he knew about
pacing. Olivia De Havilland is the
comely wench. (C4)

Bad Company (Robert Benton
1972). A very welcome opportunity to
view Benton's first feature, an
unfashionable Western full of odd
character insights and downbeat
menace. Jeff Bridges stars as a Civil
War draft dodger. (BBC2)
Sc22n Bank Show. Agnes de Mille
gets the Bragg treatment. (LWT)

MONDAY FEBRUARY 7

Whatever You Want. A fairly bizarre
pairing in Shakatak and the ubiquitous
Shriekback. Sounds great. (C4)
Last Chants For A Slow Dance (Jon
Jost). Jost is a leading director in
American independent circles and
C4's decision to screen a season of his
films is brave to the point of being
foolhardy. This typically overwrought
drama about freedom and murder
without motive will probably evoke the

kind of irritated fascination to be had
from (and I know this is facile) Warhol
at his most perverse. I will probably
celebrate my birthday by not watching.
(C4)

Mary Of Scotland (John Ford 1937).
Ford was out of his usual patch with
this rather splendid piece of historical
pageantry but as a period piece it
works out well. Katherine Hepburn is
the doomed queen whose last
moments are framed by the director in
a manner which represents Hollywood
at its most transcendent — catch the
last five minutes, if nothing else.
(BBC2)

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 8

The Harder They Come (Perry
Henzell 1972). Proving that the
original is still the best. Henzell's film
has stood up so well that it seems
unlikely to ever be surpassed in what
has turned out to be a clumsy
sub-genre. Superb score, brilliantly
nasty performance by Jimmy Cliff.
Maybe this showing will chase it off the
London late circuits for a while, where it
has become a rather too frequent
fixture. (C4)

The British Rock And Pop Awards.
Standard tinseltown nail-biting hosted
by Kid 'David' Jensen and Anne
Diamond. A pop nation holds its
breath! (BBC2)

Boys From The Blackstuff. Final
part of Bleasdale's masterpiece.
(BBC1)

When Worlds Collide (Rudolph
Mate 1951). A long and tedious
build-up nearly sinks this early shot at
SF apocalypse, although there are
some impressive effects (water
gushing across the world's great cities
etc) towards the end. Yes, the world is
destroyed! A few selfish young tykes
build a rocket and escape. Have I spoilt
it for you? (BBC2)

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 9

The Munsters. More '60s kitsch,
although I don't think this one has held
up too well. How about *My Favourite
Martian* or *Car 54 Where Are You?*
(C4)

Marty. More classic US TV, this time
1953 vintage with young Rod Steiger
as a lonely chap looking for dimenovel
romance with Nancy Marchand.
Scripted by Paddy Chayefsky with The
Method in mind and by all accounts
something of a milestone. (C4)

Voices. This veers between the
insufferably pretentious and the
downright excellent — Farrukh
Dhondy's analysis of *Ghandi* was
outstanding criticism by any standard.
Both extremes may be encountered in
this discussion of art, politics and death
by Susan Sontag and John Berger.
(C4)

Richard Cook



Steed & Emma, moved to Sunday.

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STIFFS IN STITCHES

Young Doctors In Love

DIRECTOR: Garry Marshall
STARRING: Michael McKean,
Sean Young, Dabney Coleman,
Hector Elizondo (Rank)

"YOUR ATTENTION please. At 3pm the electricity will be switched off for five minutes. At 2.59pm all patients in oxygen

Rich Eustis could sweat out of a tent should take a *deep breath*."

Ha ha — and if you laughed at that you'll get plenty more out of *Young Doctors In Love*. Something of a smash in America — the land that lapped up *Airplane* and *Porky's*, but then so did we — what it amounts to is a crisply paced *Carry On Bellevue*, a frenetic race to shove in every conceivable 'hospital' joke — scriptwriters Michael Elias and

group of young interns bumbling through a year under the Mephistophelean glare of Chief Surgeon Dr Prang.

In spite of the salacious look of the ad campaign, the tone has far more of the dewy retinas suggested by the title about it. There's a romance between the two star pupils which leads to one having to perform an impossibly difficult operation on the other — I know, I know, I was never much good at plots. Anyway, it amounts to an excuse to try out all the routines and see how they work. How the attempted Mafia killing, the pills racket and the transvestite romance fit in I won't trouble you with.

Garry Marshall's direction has energy, at least; he papers over every wisecrack with a simultaneous sight gag in the other half of the frame. And he even displays a kind of taste — there's nothing too scatological (very little use of bedpans) and a minimum of nudity. There's even a couple of movie jokes (*Carrie* and *E.T.*, although he must be fair game for everybody now).

Actually, the whole thing is a steal — the crackpot PA announcements are lifted from *MASH*, Dabney Coleman's doctor is nothing more than James Robertson Justice in our *Doctor In The House* series and *Airplane* is rifled for the principal zaniness and continuity. When a formula gets laffs, why buck it?

A minus mark is the unfamiliarity of nearly all the faces, except Patrick Macnee — and I can't imagine Steed ever saying "I'll take the nurse with the tits" either. Michael McKean looks suitably dashing as the Richard Chamberlain figure, Sean Young is insufferably wet as his stethoscope sweetheart. I liked the car chase gag best: not my kind of funny film, somehow, but everyone will laugh at something.

Richard Cook



Dr Chamberlain (Gary Friedkin) tests for water on the knee of Malamud (Michael Richards).



Hector Elizondo takes a drag.

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Young
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in Love

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WRITTEN BY MICHAEL ELIAS & RICH EUSTIS

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR

WITHOUT GIVING anything away, this story begins with *The End*.

Because it takes place in Berlin this is not so final as it sounds. Berliners are so used to seeing the

later, when the Russians blockaded it in an effort to wrest the Western sector back from the allied powers. People died of bitter cold and hunger, but a massive airlift of food and fuel thwarted the freeze out intentions.

Finally, Berlin was effectively sealed off in '61, when the Wall sprung up to halt the drain on East Germany's sorely strained manpower sources. Though the isolation grew too much for many West Germans, who fled for the mainland, it became a refuge for others.

Turks flooded in, taking advantage of the city's open border policy, while thousands of young West Germans also moved in so as to avoid the draft (a post war allied agreement forbids the city from garrisoning German soldiers), giving rise to a large dissident population of squatters and students, who take to the streets at the drop of a brick.

I only bring up the recent past again because, more than in any other city, it is always present in Berlin, be it in the shape of wartime scars, like the monstrous Reichstag building perched beside the Wall, the hideous Nazi execution centre, preserved as a grim reminder at Plötzensee, or the odd ruins scattered among the gleaming modern estates.

The sense of history one feels in Berlin is its most immediate and lasting charge. There is no better location for watching the 20th Century unfold — for better or worse.

Berlin's past, however, nestles comfortably with the new, perhaps because its modernity is the inevitable by-product of destruction. The world's greatest architects were brought in to restore it and furnish it as a western showcase. Consequently it is littered with the most imaginative architectural fantasies this side of science fiction.

Like New York's skyline, it is largely showing signs of age. Ever quick with their wit, Berliners peer through the cracks into the future. You can imagine the sort of jokes doing the rounds when the fragile butterfly wings of the American built Kongress Halle fell in on themselves.

One German group, who only months previously christened themselves

Einsturzende Neubauten — Collapsing New Buildings — greeted the news with a mirthless chuckle, treating it with desperate hilarity as a propaganda coup of sorts.

"It was only the fear of love, from which one flees into absolute violence..." Bommi Baumann, West German terrorist who left the June 2nd Movement in 1972.

AS IS often the case, daily events conspire more readily with the available evidence on the side of apocalyptic prophets than they do on the side of reason.

I am in Berlin shortly before Christmas, absorbed by their young administering what could be the last rites to a city stained by death. With the bricks and steel bones picked from its diseased corpse they pitilessly beat out primitive rhythms, drumming up a horrendous, yet hypnotic din to drown out the real or imagined terrors outside. At the same time the news breaks of a nuclear powered Russian spy satellite hurtling out of control towards Earth. Que sera, sera?

Blixa Bargeld, the morosely handsome leader of Einsturzende Neubauten, used to put a date to *The End*, some four years on from their inception in April, 1980. He was more careless back then, invoking anything from the Baader Meinhof Gang's efforts to bring forward the collapse of the Bundesrepublik's democracy to the Reagan/Schmidt/Thatcher arms alliance as facts to support his theory.

Predictably it caused the controversy he intended, offending the young, very moral majority of Alternatives and Greens by refusing to participate in their various peace drives. It appeared that, instead, he and Einsturzende Neubauten would rather *The End* came so they could provide it with its most compelling soundtrack.

But anyone exposed to the bracing brilliance of Einsturzende Neubauten live would recognise they were not simply providing a swift retreat from the dulling sensation of doing the right thing into an easy, irresponsible fatalism that is so often the excuse for flip hedonist behaviour.

Here, I refer you back to Einsturzende Neubauten's Berlin Atonal festival performance last November. It takes place in SO36, a converted slaughterhouse in Kreuzberg, before an audience that has at long



abyss opening up before them, only to be pulled back from the brink at the last minute, that the imminent apocalypse cannot be viewed here with the same terror as elsewhere.

Berliners saw their city reduced to ruins in '45. Yet, with international help, they quickly raised it from the ashes. It was under siege again only three years

"The destructive character is essential," found Berlin's new cold state Einsturzende Neubauten (Collapsing New Buildings) who have armed themselves with road drills, sledgehammers and axes to tear through the ruins of the city's old consuming downtown myth. So how can they work? While for the camera? **MANAGEMENT: CHRIS BOWEN** **SONS: ANTHONY COLLIER**



THE UNTERGANG SHOW

last checked the German young's headstrong rush into premature middle age by celebrating its youth awhile.

Mohican punks mingle with shaven headed boys staring out hollow-eyed from beneath '20s peaked caps, great coats slung over their shoulders like capes. Trousers are tucked into heavy, sprayed work boots. Immaculately suited individuals and older squatters, who have entered the spirit of things by splattering their long hair and beards with green and pink dyes; punk girls like Jenny, swathed in foil, with live brown rats scurrying about their shoulders and heads, all surge together as one.

When they're gathered on the dark cobblestoned street outside the sight is haunting enough. On the inside, their appearance combines with the awesome swells of noise emanating from Einstürzende Neubauten onstage in one astonishing spectacle.

Einstürzende Neubauten have long since dissolved borderlines between art and daily toil. For them, the act of creation is physically and emotionally draining work, the tools for which are a pneumatic drill, Black & Decker, bits of girder, tangled strands of steel, lead mallets, crowbars, old radios, bass and guitars. A customised drum kit made out of steel often stands unused as Einstürzende Neubauten's members prefer to drum up punishing rhythms from the city's debris.

Everyday street noises are shaped into loose blues, sung with agonising precision by Blixa Bargeld, whose guitar mostly hangs untouched. Thumping beats of steamhammer regularity are sustained by F.M. Mufti Einheit, whose bulging muscles shine with sweat, while Marc Chung — his half-Chinese half-German companion from Abwärts — draws harrowing washes of sound from his bass.

In the meantime N.U. Unruh, the group's most committed non-musician, prowls the stage, pumping iron, heaving and straining to raise massive metal cylinders, which he lets drop to send resounding reverberations through the hall, before getting to work with drill and Black & Decker. From the sound desk E.N.'s 17 year-old Alexander Von Borsig bleeds disarming noises into the mix.

If the noises described sound too abstract, they're responded to by increasingly large

audiences across Europe as a logical extension from punk's creativity out of chaos concept. It is correspondingly extraordinarily invigorating. Just as punk was right for its time, Einstürzende Neubauten — and the *Geniale Dilettanten* movement of dadaists, dopes and film makers that flourished around the group — provide the most perfect expression of the moment. They mirror the uglier aspects of the city only to distort them to such an extent they appear beautiful.

The hum of machines and the cacophany of construction crews at work are harnessed by the group's gleefully destructive urges to forge sounds that are as exciting as they can be overwhelming. One thing they're not is gloomy, as the destructive character, Blixa Bargeld once rightly remarked (consciously or subconsciously quoting the late, great German man of letters Walter Benjamin) is cheerful by nature.

He, the destructive character, is never more content than when he is lost in the act of destruction, so absorbed that he has no thoughts for what is to follow, only with clearing away all traces of the past. Only then can something genuinely new be born.

"That's a good place to start," says Blixa Bargeld. "It is an exercise of Einstürzende Neubauten to expand music as much as possible to the point where no music is left, after which everything — or nothing — is going to be seen as music. That's Part One. When no more music is left, then let's make something new."

"What we are doing is already far enough away from music that nobody can tell you anymore what the rules are for what we are doing. I could say tomorrow that we are no more a band, but a theatre group, and still be doing the same stuff. Nobody can draw lines where the music ends or where the art ends or the performance or the artwork or the installation ends, or where the next stage begins. The lines were never important, but it's a good plan to make them really invisible."

"That's why I think it's a good plan for me to say I am a musician and then to bring in something from the outside all the time, to keep expanding the music, forcing people to keep redefining the boundaries and then to go outside it again and expand it again and so on until there is nothing left that is not music!"

BLIXA BARGELD and I first meet in the Cafe Mitropa, a neon stripped new wave haunt in another part of Kreuzberg, and again in London. The Mitropa might look and feel like an interior decor version of a haut couture space suit, but it has served as a blueprint for a thousand others throughout Germany. Only the white garden furniture grounds this one.

Whatever its short comings, a new cafe society has been reared under its laboratory conditions, which also make it ideal for observing its clientele.

I scrutinise Blixa across the table. He makes an unlikely regular. One of his doe eyes, staring out from beneath a thatch of messy, mousey hair, is marked out by black mascara. High protruding cheekbones emphasise his painful thinness. His scrawny neck disappears into an ecclesiastical collar, his feet into oversize wellingtons. In between, his body is hidden under a greatcoat clasped together with an airplane seat safety belt.

I look again and wonder just what it is about this bizarre assemblage of scowls and junkyard style that has captured the imagination of Berlin. Then he starts describing his activities with such burning intensity and a singular love of language that it all becomes clear.

He is speaking about the unholy alliance Einstürzende Neubauten have forced with The Birthday Party, who last year left a limp London to live in Berlin, and Lydia Lunch. For the song Neubauten, the Party's Rowland Howard and Lunch recorded together, Blixa's bones were miked up so as to pick up the noises his chest made under the pummeling of muscular Mufti. The blows were necessarily bone crushing, otherwise how else would they be heard?

A loop made from the recording is now the rhythm track of the trio's 12" 'Thirsty Animal'. It is not obvious exactly what you are listening to, just a you never ultimately get to hear the sound of N.U. Unruh sawing up a side of meat ("How do you mike up dead meat?" despairs Blixa), but the experiment informs the record, and the disturbing quality of sound leaves you with an undeniably weird, queasy feeling.

"I want to squeeze by body like a lemon," he pronounces later. "And everything that comes out of it must be good because I'm working on the product that is Blixa Bargeld to make it better. The quality of the product is improving every year. This is the new, improved Blixa Bargeld you're talking to! The new formula Blixa!"

"It is a matter of using your whole person as a test object, putting your whole life forward as an experimental case."

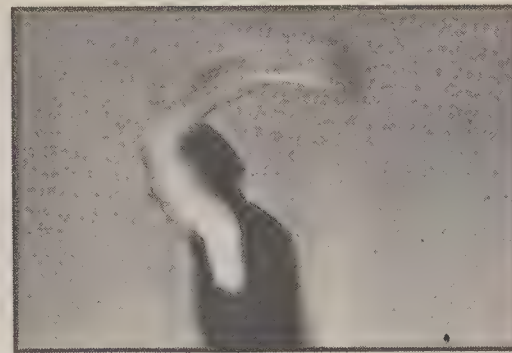
Just who is this strange fellow and why is he so absorbed in the possibility of his ultimate self destruction? The Antonin Artaud paperback he is currently carrying around with him is some clue, but before we get totally



consumed in Blixa's ego, let's spare a thought for the other members...

IF YOU haven't already worked it out from the number of times you've seen his picture in NME, F.M. Mufti Einheit is one of the busiest figures in German music.

When he is not away with Marc Chung in Abwärts, he is involved in no end of projects, ranging from session work with the likes of Russian expatriate singer Mona Mur to the recent rescue job he and fellow Neubauten Alexander Von Borsig did on Christiana Felscherinow (that's Christiana F., former heroin addict and subject of *The Children Of Bahnhof Zoo*), whose first, appalling American disco 12" they've taken and dramatically reworked through austere electronics and dub



into a framework more suited to Christiana's songs.

She, Borsig and Mufti are also working together on a film in Hamburg called *Bürgerkrieg* (Civil War), featuring Genesis P-Orridge as the Anti Pope and William Burroughs in a bit part as the man who gives Mufti his first tape recorder to use in the information war...

BLIXA BARGELD, fittingly, is too absorbed in himself and Einstürzende Neubauten to get involved in outside projects.

One of the few genuine Berliners on the city's music scene, he used to run a second hand stall before he took to wearing the tag

"Geniale Dilettanten" (Genius-like Dilettante), giving name to the loose-knit movement who placed ideas before musicianly ability. By way of antidote to the city sponsored Berlin Rock Circus, featuring the likes of the homogenised pop of Ideal, he promoted the Untergang Show, a massive undertaking, reputedly starring some 40 acts including Deadly Doris, Malaria's Gudrun Gut, Frieder Butzmann and Einstürzende Neubauten. It also showed films such as an 8mm biography of Sid Vicious at the age of two!

The concert was followed by a book length manifesto *Geniale Dilettanten*, which, like all good manifestos should, got up people's noses just as it planted itself in the German consciousness.

"The media success was much more beautiful than the concert," recalls Blixa. "Most of it was totally shit, but afterwards everyone talked about it, even if they were not there. Now everyone uses the term Geniale Dilettanten for every non-describable music, especially if it comes from Berlin."

Its success is better measured now. The proliferation of groups in Berlin beating metal and junk is astonishing, as is the numbers of people turning out to watch men at work.

"In my plan, it's enough that lots of people have started doing it," exclaims Blixa, sniffing victory, "even if they're all doing shit. There could be millions of people creating only noises. And when a lot of people are doing this or that, the way they think of music must change music a lot. When it comes to that size it must influence the mainstream."

"The real changes only happen through social means. I mean it has already been a social phenomenon. Even if there hadn't been a success there is nevertheless a social thing behind it. Part of it is the special situation of living in Berlin."

"It would be really hard to break down the wall," he adamantly states, "not so much because of the DDR but because without it there would be nothing really interesting anymore. It would be like living in West Germany and West Germany is totally uninteresting."

In other words, thank you East Germany for the wall space upon which Einstürzende Neubauten write such arresting graffiti.

In the headily claustrophobic confines of the walled city, Blixa Bargeld and the Geniale Dilettanten have cultivated a consumptive and highly contagious virus based on the city's Untergang mythos — its downfall mythology. It informs their work with the compelling imagery of The End, its imminence with the urgency that renders their hitherto ugly noise increasingly attractive to a Europe on the wane. Their refusal to compromise is finally paying off, as the worse things get, the more appropriate they sound.

They are not facilitating the decline, simply — amorally, if you like — charting it. They are not terrorists throwing bombs. Their greatest song to date 'Kalte Sterne' (Cold Stars) suggests they ultimately want to create implosions as opposed to explosions.

"Ja, implosion is much better than explosion. It sucks everything in. Kalte Sterne, schwarzes Loch, black hole. In physics, the cold star gets maybe 20,000 times bigger, then collapses into a black hole so powerful it even sucks in light."

"If we can handle all those different things, the work, music, materials etc," concludes Blixa, starry-eyed, "if we could concentrate all those things, so everything we do is totally concentrated and totally powerful, if I could find that one sentence, we could bring the energy point to a stage high enough to bring it

CONTINUES PAGE 34

LPS

THE BELLES
ARE RINGINGSMOKE,
NO FIRE

SMOKEY ROBINSON

Touch The Sky (Motown import)

HAVING BROKEN more than just a million hearts in mono throughout the '60s, slowed up and produced a credible output of stylish music in the '70s, Smokey Robinson, God bless his soul, finally grows old gracefully in the '80s. Inevitable of course, but it's to Smokey's credit that he's currently laying his exit path with such dignity and elegance.

Always capable of the odd classic right up to 1980's superb 'Being With You', neither this LP, nor come to that, its predecessor 'Yes, It's You Lady', contains that one diamond to justify his still enormous reputation. Rather, as the years tick by, Smokey has opted to delve further into glossy, measured soul, tinged with blandness and adhesion.

Not even his voice, that silk-like beauty wrung with emotion which uttered so many immortal couplets, can rescue the music to be found here from its obvious, professional complacency. Content to drift along, that voice simply becomes part of the aural wallpaper, tied down by the soft suppressions of this music.

When one considers the spirited comeback of Aretha Franklin last year or the inspired brilliance of Marvin Gaye, then 'Touch The Sky' really has no excuses for its easy way out. That said, there are, however, some passable moments. The title track, for instance, with its relaxed swinging feel is going to make a fair single — isn't it Motown? — whilst the following song, 'Gimme What You Want', with its recurring electric piano motif, has an undeniable charm surrounding it.

From there on things level out onto a smooth plane, Smokey content to spout lyrically uninspired love clichés (has he forgotten already the genius of his Motown words???) against a predictable backdrop of nice, insipid, bland backing. That it's done with such a smooth feel, crafted like velvet and polished off in such a stylish manner, is what lends the album its undeniable stately feel, but hardly leaves the listener in a state of feverish admiration.

'Touch The Sky' is neither brilliant nor offensive, but the work of a man (Smokey has written the majority of the songs here) who has proved himself so many times in the past of being capable of producing unbelievably brilliant work (I'm thinking of 'Ooo Baby Baby', 'My Girl', 'The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage', 'Tracks Of My Tears', 'Just My Soul Responding', 'You've Really Got A Hold On Me' and a thousand others); that he no longer feels the urge to forge a similar impact.

Maybe it's the burning LA sun that's done it, the comfortable lifestyle he leads as executive with Motown. Or maybe he's simply lost that creative edge and fallen back on his huge experience as a writer and singer. Either way he's holding his own in the MOR stakes, doing so with an undisputed dignity and putting the logical final touches onto his career.

Smokey once sang I've been good to you. I nod my head and say I'll try something new.

Paolo Hewitt

THE BELLE STARS

The Belle Stars (Stiff)

WOMEN in rock — a further note. It must be hard being a Belle Star. Not only do you have to squeeze your soles inside some of the more painful footwear man (sic) has devised, you have to witness your honest revisions of Motown and Red Bird memories get lambasted while the likes of ABC and Dexys win hosannas for their slavishly disguised retreads.

For a change, here's a few good words. 'The Belle Stars' is one of those great private fun records, something to listen to off-call, when 'the unfathomable resonance of pop' gets tiresome and a simpler, sweeter exuberance is in order. The Belle Stars make no bones about their intentions: they take the inconsequence and blankness of chart music, tut-tut over it in front of a mirror, spray on some

cosmetics, dress it up and give it an encouraging shove on to the dance floor. It's the same old tripe underneath but for those few minutes — it shines.

Party party, except they actually sound as if they're having a time of it: none of the vaperish sneer or grinning Svengalism of Duran and Romance. It plays instead with a sidelong edge to the frivolity to appease liberal tempers — their peers would have made 'Sign Of The Times' either a cute flag-waver or a stick of clumsy rage. The Stars confine it to a hurtful note of personal independence.

There are only five originals among 12 songs, and even there there are reworkings: 'Sign Of The Times' is a fake Motown blueprint, 'Ci Ya Ya' a Gibson Brothers throwoff and 'Indian Summer' cops from Pavlov's Dog's 'Mersey'. It scarcely matters because The Belle Stars' talent lies in their organisation of pop form. Just as 'Let's Do Rock Steady' was

the only great record to come out of the new ska wave by dint of its instinctive grasp of the point of that music, so the best moments here — 'The Reason' and 'Burning' among their own tunes and a rhythmic earthquake in 'Needle In A Haystack' — zero in on an essential pulse, a particular motion.

The music's ambitiousness is that it has no 'ambitiousness', no spurious wider reverberation. It enjoys its good tunes. These are straight matters — love, devotion and surrender, or the opposite — played clear as glass. For a seven-piece group The Belle Stars make a very sparse, cogent sound.

What of their gender? It doesn't matter that they are a girl group — the worthless working-girl posturing of the hollow and ridiculous GoGos is completely eschewed — and yet it matters a great deal because of that. They take their sex (and their sex) seriously by

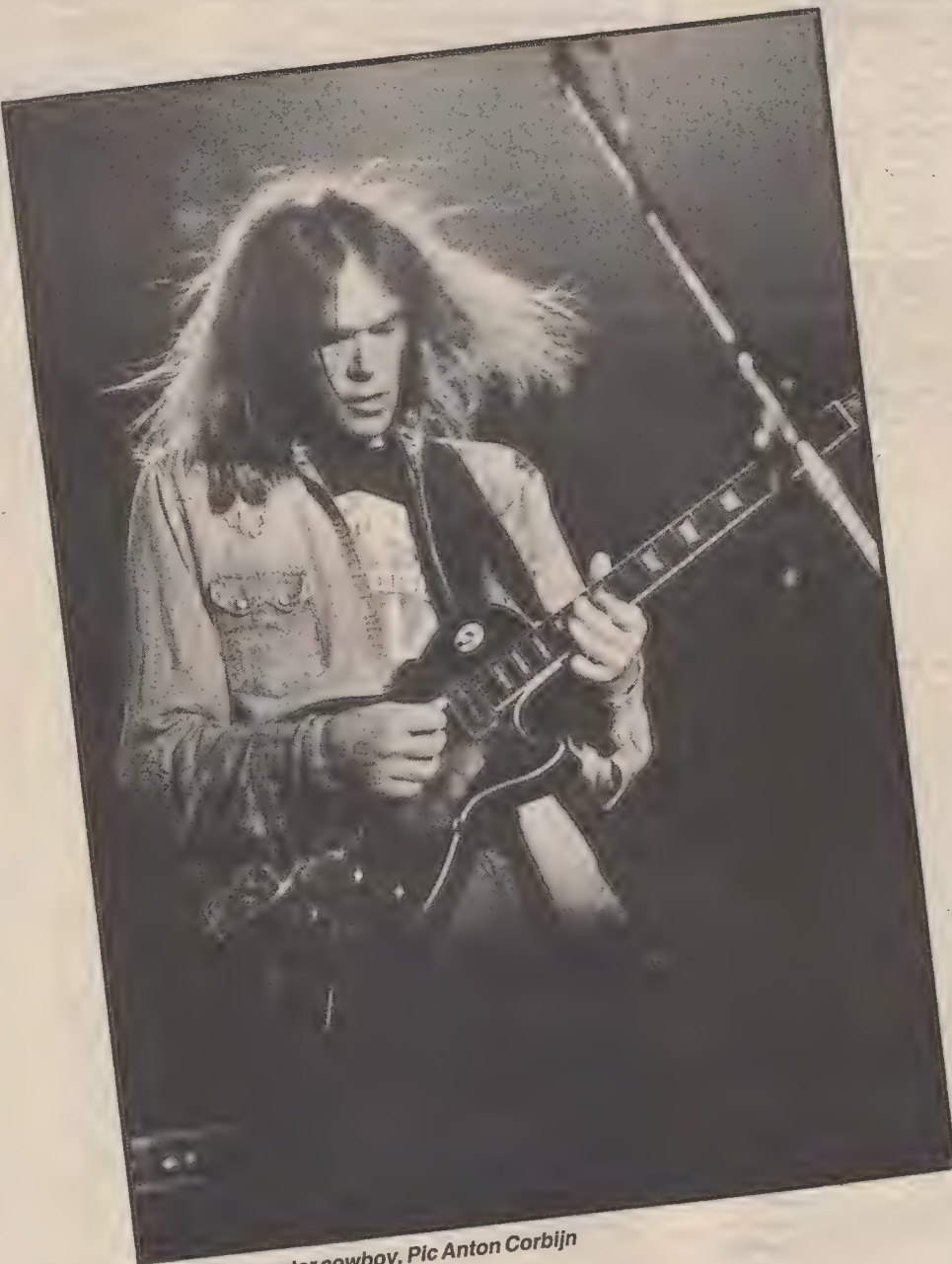


An unsinkable Belle Star. Pic Pennie Smith

stating it upfront and then — well, who's the sucker? They have chosen a repertoire of baby baby songs from a tradition of kewpie doll transparency and reinvented their definition. There is their ambiguity, their share in the 'unfathomable resonance'. Perhaps I might suggest

something for next time — Dee Clark's 'Raindrops', Robert Parker's 'You See Me', Brenda Holloway's 'Every Little Bit Hurts'. The dance, the heartbreak, the dreaming, the solitude. This is respect. It's good pop music.

Richard Cook



Neil the computer cowboy. Pic Anton Corbijn

NEIL YOUNG

Trans (Geffen)

HOW TO follow 'The Bad Seed' with 'Trans'? How to link the electronic transmigration of Neil Young with the last cries of love's lonely children as they plunge, like the infants in *Vathek*, over the edge of "a Birthday Party to end all birthday parties . . ." Do these two events so much as share the dimensions of the same universe? I suspect not. But perhaps the rumour that the "sluggish" and "nomadic" Nick Cave is sometimes to be found

curled over a hideously mangled copy of 'Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere' serves as a legitimate connection between two phenomena otherwise further apart in human space than the Capitol and the Kremlin.

I fear that, like the story of Johnny Rotten, the tale of old Mr. Young could be over. I could be wrong: "When the thrashers come and I'm stuck in the sun like dinosaurs in shrines/Then I'll know the time has come to give what's mine." Thus N. Young on 'Reactor'.

If this is Neil Young giving what's his, the thrashers'll mow him down. Young catches up with

trends the way ordinary people catch up on art movies. "Every wave is new until it breaks", he sagely pronounced in 'Rapid Transit'. Until it does, though, you can bet this old Surfer Joe will be riding it! If 'My My' etc., etc., showed him coming to terms with Johnny Rotten as a new kind of Elvis, if the Chiltonesque 'Opera Star' proved that an old beatnik can still play punky boho, 'Trans' offers the less than inviting spectacle of an ageing folkie rebel stumbling onto a new toy called the vocoder. 'Trans' is the manifesto of farmyard futurism, a version of *Tron* in which a lanky old cowboy is reassembled

as . . . well, a lanky old cowboy, actually.

'Trans' is Neil Young's love song to the future. Hardcore thrashers have indeed come and churned his primal electric distortions into an accepted way of life, so here he's decided simply to transform himself into another age. As he says on 'Transformer Man' itself, "Your eyes are shining on a beam/Through the galaxy of love/Transformer Man unlock the secrets/Let us throw off the chains that hold you down."

The trouble is that Young isn't bothered or bitter enough for this transformation to grow into a vision, a new music. Although he claims he's always loved machines, he doesn't use them with any sense of discovery or experiment. "The manipulation of machines can be very soulful", he has said, and anyone familiar with Kraftwerk would probably agree. 'Trans', however, is neither very soulful nor very mechanistic. All one can really say is that the vocoder has enabled him to sing in artificial tongues. It may be liberating for him, but it's awfully monotonous for us. I particularly abhor the effect of a vocoder in the upper registers — parts of 'Trans' recall the kind of horrid electronic carols you get on your Christmas TV.

Of course it's good that Young is momentarily departing the America of Hopper's wretched *Out Of The Blue*, but his Californian version of Kraftwerk is boyishly naive. Where Kraftwerk are concerned less with transformation than with control of information, Young's rather sudden initiation into the new technology merely makes him want to speed up time. 'Trans' is a musical equivalent of *Star Wars* without the wars.

At the same time, the transformation is only half complete. Musically, it's always looking back over its shoulder. Even 'Computer Age', which is probably as close as Young could come to Kraftwerk this side of overt plagiarism, retains old-fashioned guitars and drums. This is his way of holding on to the past. There is nothing of 'Computer World's seductive

soullessness here. 'We R In Control' would make Ralf and Florian chuckle.

Only the ambivalence of 'Computer World's seductive unnerving. The cowboy is computerised but he still behaves like a hero of the old west: "Ride along computer cowboy/To the city just in time/To bring another system down/And leave your alias behind." OK, so it's just a ripoff of *Westworld* — not a bad song, though.

Guitars cranked to breaking point turn 'Sample And Hold' into heavy metal funk in the class of 'Bustin' Out' or 'Eye Of The Tiger': as dance fodder it certainly makes more sense than A Certain Ratio's current vocoded rewrites of The Crusaders.

The real giveaway signs that 'Trans' is little more than a tourist excursion — as opposed to any profound change in direction — are the sappy love-alongs that open both sides. For some reason 'If You Got Love', which was far less irritating than either 'Little Thing Called Love' or 'Hold On To Your Love', has been dropped along the way. (Why didn't he just fuse all three into an all-purpose sweetener — 'Love Is A Good Thing', perhaps, or 'I Love Your Love'? 'Love'?) These songs give every indication that Young's film *Human Highway* is not in fact about an escape route to Mars.

The update of Springfield's 'Mr. Soul' adds little to the original's deadpan 'Satisfaction' crib besides a guitar spurt which rivals Johnny Echols on Love's 'Your Mind And We Belong Together'.

After our brief glimpse of the future, 'Trans' ends up taking us into Young's deepest past with 'Like An Inca', a tepid epic that resurrects 'Southern Man', 'Cortez', et al. to no great avail. Unlike 'Shots', the maddened finale to 'Reactor', 'Inca' is incredibly dull, suggesting only that Young's allegiances are fundamentally static. "Who put the bomb on the sacred altar?", he whines. He should be asking himself who put the BOMP on the sacred altar.

On reflection, Neil, perhaps it's better to fade away.

Barney Hoskyns

FADING INTO
THE FUTURE

THE FUN BOY THREE**Waiting (Chrysalis)**

IN WHICH the three brats finally abandon their stubborn streaks of intuitive amateurism and emerge in style as a complete and confident group in their own right for the first time since they stepped out of The Specials in the middle of 1981.

This is where The Fun Boy Three come of age and fulfil some of the potential so starkly unveiled in the grooves of their debut single. While their first album was little more than a series of half-baked musical sketches, this is the fully-rounded sonic sculpture that they have ultimately always fallen short of in the past.

The time and energy that have gone into the creation of this record are obvious and the rumours that Terry Hall was on the verge of nervous collapse by the time the last mix was completed in December are in some ways unsurprising; subject-wise the songs sometimes teeter on the brink of the big breakdown, betraying an almost obsessional impatience with the rigours of modern living and "the things we do".

The album title seems to reflect this impatience and we could ask ourselves what it is they are actually waiting for. Good times? The end? Maybe they're just waiting for a bus. Whatever, our wait for them to deliver this LP has certainly been worth it.

The Funboys have always kept abreast of burgeoning musical developments by bringing in outsiders to embellish their ideas, but their supporting cast has never been as interesting or as varied as the gallery of musicians assembled here. A new breed of female musicians, many with their roots in classical styles as much as they are in rock, are particularly well represented. Former Ravishing Beauty Nicky Holland has been adding piano to the basic Funboy beat since last summer and here she is joined by her friend Ingrid Schroeder on vocals, Bethan Peters (ex-Delta Five) on bass, June Miles-Kingston (ex-Modettes) on drums, Annie Whitehead (ex-Nightdoctor) on trombone and Caroline Lavelle (on loan from Humoursque) on cello. Also in the team are percussionist Geraldo D'Arbilly of Blue Rondo infamy and the tried and trusted cornet man Dick Cuthell.

Not everyone appears on every track, of course, and the overall sound attained by producer David Byrne is remarkable for its compact clarity. Where in the past they tended to ramble, the Funboys now hit home with a tight, economic precision and clenched-fist cohesion that is particularly crisp on side one of the LP.



The kind of parties they have in Coventry. Pic Pennie Smith

THREE BOYS ON THE BRINK OF A BREAKDOWN

The album opens on a deceptive note with a whimsical, cheery instrumental. The track is bright and brief, Lynval Golding's chirpy guitar laying the foundation for a jaunty duet between Annie Whitehead's trombone and Nicky Holland's piano. It could be the theme tune to a children's television programme, but is naturally nothing of the sort; entitled 'Murder She Said', it is actually their interpretation of the soundtrack from an Alfred Hitchcock thriller.

'The More I See' was the single on which the threesome

attempted to re-establish their credentials after the disappointingly shallow 'Summertime'. It is difficult, however, to tackle a subject as complex as Northern Ireland in song without sounding glib or patronising and the Funboys ultimately fail to offer any new insights here, despite the wired urgency with which they bare their concern and confusion. Stylistic shades, too, of their former mentor Jerry Dammers in the use of a musical quotation — in this case the riff from the 'Captain Scarlet' theme — to bolster an

otherwise anonymous tune.

Much much better is 'Going Home', a sad, reflective song about racial tension that pleads for compassion and humanity to prevail: "Racist politicians call for repatriation/White bureaucrats ask for black deportation/Wherever you lay your hat's you home/If that's true why are so many people confused?" The song's lament-like quality would seem to indicate Golding as the main writer, the guitarist's compositions usually being recognisable by their plaintive, melancholy moods.

'We're Having All The Fun' is also excellent, the customary ironic wit verging on the sardonic as the Funboys take one verse apiece to tell us about themselves, starting with Terry: "I live in a flat/I like Manchester United/I live with my girlfriend and my cat/We're very happy..." Lynval's verse finds him digging the garden and then drinking himself insensitive while Neville Staples revels instead in his penchant for ganga, white wine and leather trousers while gently mocking his stud image; bittersweet views on some of the quirks that brighten their all-too-ordered lives.

Another pithy playlet closes side one, 'The Farm Yard Connection' dealing with drug planting and police corruption by way of another clever call-and-response vocal arrangement.

The current single, 'The Tunnel Of Love', opens the second side; a cryptic, pun-laden assault on the pratfalls of teenage marriage that wouldn't have been out of place in *Party Party*. Musically, it is notable for Cuthell's soaring cornet and Caroline Lavelle's cello although, like 'The More I See', it is hardly a classic single.

The following cut, 'Our Lips Are Sealed', would have been far better were it not for the fact that it has already been a massive US hit for The GoGos. Co-written by Hall and GoGo bassie Jane Wiedlin, it possesses a metronomic, trance like ambience totally at odds with anything else on the LP.

The record's underlying themes of unease and paranoia come closer to the surface on 'The Pressure Of Life (Takes Weight Off The Body)', a discordant dish of mutant jazz-funk that finds producer Byrne — another neurotic if ever there was one — adding his own grating guitar lines to a musical landscape that is already harrowing enough.

'Things We Do', a good

alternate title for the album, is next, another drily ironic worm's eye view of the banalities of our daily lives.

The most nightmarish track, though, is the last one 'Well Fancy That'. A grotesque account of child abuse and the psychological scars it leaves, the cumbersome waltz-time awkwardness of the music is well suited to the gruesome horror of the subject matter: "The lights went out/I fell asleep/I woke up with a shock and your hands on me..."

The wordplay and ingenuity of the lyrics on 'Waiting' — most of them apparently by Terry Hall — wouldn't be out of place on an Elvis Costello album, all of which would seem to confirm the emergence of Hall as a major songwriter.

But while Terry is undoubtedly at the helm of the Funboy boat on this album, with Lynval providing some vital songwriting assistance, it is slightly disturbing to witness something of a creative eclipse as far as Neville is concerned. If there is one flaw on some of the songs, it is a lack of the brash ebullience that perhaps only old Judge Roughneck could provide to balance Golding's compassion and Hall's dry wit. It should prove interesting to see how things work out when the group — and the female instrumentalists must now be considered an integral part of it — attempt to take these songs into the country's concert halls shortly.

We can find out about that later though. For the time being 'Waiting' stands as 1983's first major musical achievement. The Funboys are at least confronting the lunacy that seems to be the UK today. Sometimes they don't seem to be holding out enough hope in their sad realisation that there are no magic formulas to make things better, but at least they still have their compassion.

Their answer right now seems to be grin and bear it... does anybody know any jokes?

Adrian Thrills

SABBATH, BLOODY SABBATH

BLACK SABBATH**Live Evil (Vertigo)**

THE ORIGINAL Black Sabbath was a primal slum punk band, a scummy brummie leather-and-crucifix reaction to middle-class flower power. Now they're just another Stateside stadium pull, with standard American chest-beater Ronnie James Dio in place of lubricious larynx of the great Ozzy Osbourne.

Listening to Sabbath's first three albums today makes you realise just how radical they were, how grinding and bitter and relentless. Dio has a reasonable stab at taking off the Oz — on 'N.I.B.', 'War Pigs', 'Children Of The Grave', etc. — but lacks the dragging menace of 'Master Of Reality'. Without Osbourne as their lusty lucifer (and without Bill Ward too), Sabbath are an ageing and undignified Iron maiden, further proof that heavy metal, as recorded for posterity in such strongholds as Dallas and San Antonio, has irreparably cleaned up its act.

All post-Ozzy Sab songs are evidence of this: 'Neon Knights', 'The Mob Rules', and 'Voodoo' are all twice the pace of 'Iron Man' & co., all written in major rather than minor chords, all choc-a-bloc with guitar solos and keyboards. Time was when Tony Iommi didn't know how to play a guitar solo.

The slick live sound reminds one that 'Black Sabbath' and 'Paranoid' were, in proto-punk fashion, recorded in under a week. I'll admit, though, that 'Iron Man' is still intact: still the most unremittingly crude and ugly chord sequence in the history of rock music.

Get back to 'Paranoid'.

Barney Hoskyns

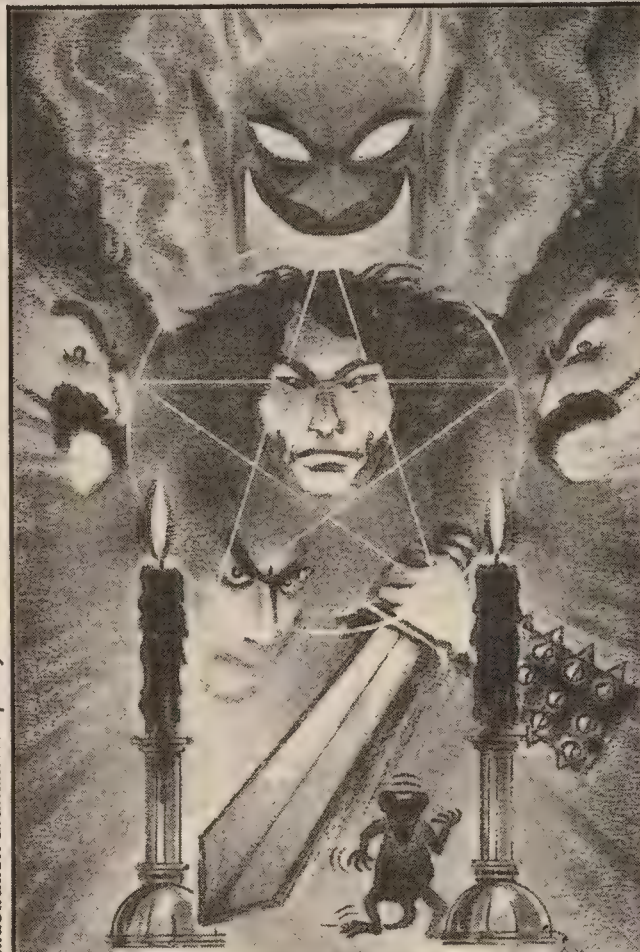


Illustration Graham Humphreys

VIOLENCE AND THE SACRED

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Bad Seed EP (4AD)

"IF, LOVING a woman more than anything in the world, or anticipating the possibility of such a love, one were suddenly to see her chained to a wall behind iron bars with a warder standing over her with a stick, such a feeling would be somewhat similar to the feeling the prince had now..." — and somewhat akin to the knowledge that informs the latest recording of The Birthday Party.

Like Dostoevsky's saintly "idiot", The Birthday Party has understood that behind the strongest feeling one can bear toward another person lies the temptation of a profound horror: the horror of what can be done to that person, the limits of pain or pleasure to which he or she may be taken and exposed. Ultimately that limit is death, and if The Birthday Party sing of love it is because, unlike ABC, they have no choice in the matter. For death is their hidden master.

Now, while much of 'Junkyard' verged on self-parody, its high moments — 'She's Hit', 'Several Sins', 'Big Jesus', 'Junkyard' — blew away the rest of last year's competition. I am sick to my own death of the happy fools in this profession whose ears are so stopped up with mucus like 'Combat Rock' that they hear nothing in BP creations besides junk/sex/death, a trinity which to them neatly spells out sort of Bauhaus-boiled-with-Iggy Stouge and shot up as rock's last bastard overdose.

The Birthday Party enter a

new space every time they play. They have ripped open rock's sanctified domain with an unkempt violence equivalent to the sacking of a temple. When we talk of "visceral" sound, usually we mean a sound bordered, contained by our limited idea of aural damage. We do not mean this, a sound that, as it were, hijacks the codes of rock to twist them back into elemental sound, primal rhythm. The Birthday Party is not a centrifugal rock unit but an agglomeration of sounds born in empty space and cohering in almost arbitrary patterns of collision.

'The Bad Seed' is a four-track EP that takes the impetus of 'Junkyard' to its logical consummation: absolute despair, supreme love... the violence of the sacred. The original intention was to follow 'Junkyard' with, in Nick Cave's words, an EP of "the saddest songs ever written" — among those considered being a couple of Walker Bros. songs and The Loved Ones' 'Sad Dark Eyes'. In its place, 'The Bad Seed' is an outburst of yearning delirium, of sorrow gone mad.

The Birthday Party know that music is the most intense abstraction available to us. The songs on this record — 'Sonny's Burning', 'Wild World', 'Fears Of Gun', 'Deep In The Woods' — are charged with an appalling, almost absurd power. Something in them runs amok, threatens constantly to undo them. Their noises, their guitars and their beats, are *not* like



Nick Cave

Pic: Bledyn Butcher

those of others. Rowland Howard's guitar is a chameleon, ready at any instant to change from a piano or a horn section into a typhoon of feedback. Mick Harvey's drums virtually dispose with cymbals, approaching rhythm with a sense of chance and brutality. His is a REAL as opposed to programmed beat. As for Tracy Pew's bass, well, that is simply the earth opening and closing around our very being. If this is the bad seed, then what is the healthy soil?

Meanwhile, Nick Cave is almost painfully aware of his being at once a poet with a mad voice and a clown, a walking cartoon of the

debauched rock star. Thus his lyrics carry their own triggers of deflation — injunctions not to interrupt; awkward colloquialisms; a bored American snarl in his phrasing; the collapse of a line into "so on and so on and so on..."; at the end, the word 'End'. Words and music, text and sound, sensually entwined, locked in combat. Shattering cries of love, strange fables of obsession: the songs of Gun and Sonny and the girl whose honey body is eaten by the woods. Out of the "living musical cliché" of abandoned rock chaos crawls the true thing, a "theatre of clamour and impersonality".

The two sides of 'The Bad Seed' start with confident attacks but conclude in confusion and despair. The songs are of equal length, all significantly longer — and larger in conception —

than their counterparts or prototypes on 'Junkyard'. 'Sonny's Burning' is a colossus on the run, a massive brute storming through a series of false endings — an eruption eventually consumed by its own raging heat. 'Wild World' is "a blues" about Michelangelo's Rhondini Pieta: over a 'King Ink' bass line and Harvey's formidable bash, Howard scratches out a snaking Verlaine figure and Cave, alternately sullen and desperate, intones the lyric, nosing the song along with bestial groans from the book of Ignatius Pop.

'Deep In The Woods' is the most outrageous of the risks taken. High gothic baroque, it is part nursery rhyme, part Brechtian cabaret, part funeral rite; a psychopathic lament, about love so intense it can only defile. Like 'Wild World', it

bears curious echoes of Ferry's vocal on 'Every Dream Home'. At the last moment the song changes course, when Howard's guitar bursts through the melody as though from behind the sound and jolts Cave onto another plane.

If you prefer to take your "love" songs with coffee and notebooks, there's always Squeeze. The Birthday Party alone suggest the frenzy of desire given voice, of dread staged as ritual. As Bataille wrote, "the nature of our being invites us of our own accord to join in the terrible dance whose rhythm is the one that ends in collapse and which we must accept as it is and for what it is, knowing only the horror it is in perfect harmony with..." From bad seeds grow demon flowers.

Barney Hoskyns

EURYTHMICS

Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This) (RCA)

WHEN ANNE Lennox and Dave Stewart opened for Roxy's 'comeback' as two-fifths of The Tourists, I thought there was definitely something there, but I never expected them to have more to say about modern artifice than the main act. Yet with 'Sweet Dreams' — the first really coherent Eurhythmics LP — they provide not only an immaculate post-disco view of urban romance as a minefield of clichés; they also explore a few aspects of what this means.

They're re-equipped to do it, too, since here Annie Lennox at last fully exploits the most expressive realities of her classically trained voice — something few of our current synthpop heroes and heroines would be capable of doing even if it occurred to them.

'Sweet Dreams' is also a tight little concept album. It kicks off with the title cut (a list of romantic clichés rendered as a run-on declarative sentence set over the echoing moans, reactive cries, mountainous dips and minor peaks of electro-thought). Then anarchic synth-bubbles and brittle laughter (plus a full-blooded horn section which balances Anne's lower-range emotings) deepen the conceits of 'Esta Es La Casa/This Is The House'. This is the sort of track Yoko Ono might've produced an album ago, but here the depth and dive of the harmonies are more accomplished, more fully a part of the conceptual fabric.



Anne Lennox

Not too sweet

The fey track between these two ('Jennifer') with its swishing sea-sounds overlaid by crystalline music-box embroideries, constitutes something of a throwback to that English Stevie Nicks niche Lennox has fought for so long — both artistically and in the press. But the rest of this LP probably vanquishes it for good with tracks like 'Something Told Me' (a tuneful, percussive semi-rap with touches of dub and sinister underlinings) to carry it forward. Side one goes out on 'The City Never Sleeps', a somnambulant MOR cruising lullaby for late at night, wherein Annie's soaring, vocals evoke a whole wet/dark desert-of-skyscrapers landscape.

On the flip, Love Is A

Stranger' pours out the sugary shower of sound, tune and chump-chump-chump synth and rhythm boxes have accustomed us to — but its neo-religious high harmonies are aimed like arrows at the facet of desire which mutates into "obsession". 'I've Got An Angel' is a contrastingly upbeat, sexy snarl'n' whoooo that is followed by a fun-funk version of Hayes & Porter's 'Wrap It Up', featuring Scritti Politti's Green as 'guest vocalist' and laying all accent on the song's shopping metaphors (consistent with a cover design that shows a nude offering consumers a shrink-wrapped, heart-shaped box of candy).

The penultimate 'I Could Give You A Mirror' deals with longing and finale 'The Walk

(for my money the LP's least successful cut) with the Eternal Conundrum of how romance and rejection affect self-respect.

This is a leisurely, entirely pleasant album with a few morbid edges but fewer traces of those saccharine sentiments which have marred Lennox and Stewart's music in the past. It explores the facades and banalities of Romance Today far more honestly and interestingly than say ABC. My own sweet dreams may be made of things other than this, but I fully enjoy tuning into any album so well and lovingly crafted.

Cynthia Rose

THE FLYING PICKETS

Live At The Albany Empire (AVM)

SPivs, TEDS and bookies are all the things the six F-Pickets look like. Dion's Belmonts, Smokey's Miracles and Presley's Jordanaires, perhaps, are all the things they'd like to sound like.

Being one of those "live" album things, this record isn't the group's best advertisement, sound-wise — although it does show off their warm audience rapport. Or was the bar half-price that night? The Pickets are witty, with a nice line in satire between songs. And as an a cappella (unaccompanied) vocal team they're quite impeccable, running through a cosily nostalgic smorgasbord of doo wop, Motown and pop standards.

A right good turn, it might be said, and suitable for any work from working men's clubs to a slot on *The Two Ronnies*.

Paul Du Noyer

DIRT

Never Mind The Dirt — Here's The Bollocks (Crass)

GBH

Leather, Bristles, No Survivors; And Sick Boys (Clay)

A CURSORY glance at our independent chart would suggest that either a) there are a lot of punks, b) there are a lot of punk bands, or c) punks buy more records per head than others. At opposite ends of the spectrum — Apocalypse When and Post-Oi — here are two current acts featuring in that chart. DIRT are part of the Crass Agitpop school, GBH hail from the world of "studs and acne".

HOLOCAUST

DIRT follow in the wake of Crass with the servility of the brainwashed. At £2, this live eight-track record is good value but a fairly numbing experience. If there were a little more diversity among the Crass artistes, one might be a little less sceptical of their aims. At its best, DIRT's hysteria is awesome. A girl screams like a kind of Annabella Lu Win in a remake of *The Exorcist*, reaching frenzied, gasping climaxes as she reaches the end of a song. At its worst, the sense of panic is hopelessly unchannelled. The level of musicianship is very crude, which one can take as indicative of either youthful zest in the cause or plain incompetence. Crass and their acolytes tend to use the same chord structures; the result is a gothic minimalism torn between Southern Death Cult and the Black Sabbath of 'War Pigs' (a song which makes a mockery of most everything Crass has ever achieved).

Sometimes it's very exciting in a very superficial way, more often it's just monotonous. When the old Crass chant "Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse" commences, you feel they're only repeating what their ageing mentors have approved. See Brother D for better slogans. Who ever imagined that the image of an apocalypse could provide a shelter from more local storms?

COMBAT

At least GBH aren't waving vague banners. There's a core of metal at the hard heart of this album which makes it a good deal more exciting than DIRT. This is very US-style punk, very tough, very charged — no surprise that 'Give Me Fire' was selling much more import copies in LA. They're not on the same plane as Social Unrest or Husker Du but 'Race Against Time' and 'Generals' are classics. "By the Media we've been accepted/But in reality still rejected," say GBH, proceeding to business with hilarious songs about lycanthropy and necrophilia, plus the obligatory ode-to-a-junkie and even more imperative sexist anthem. "Why must I suffer/For being a gym-slip lover?" say the Sick Boys, finally concluding with a splendidly non-punk pean to alcohol. And the anti-war songs are tough rather than hysterical. GBH play with fire.

Barney Hoskyns

Negusa Negast chant

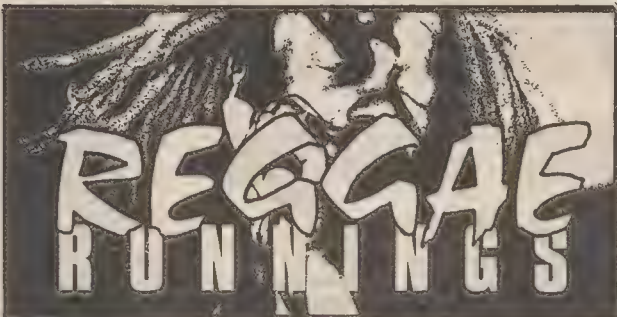
A COMPILATION of otherwise unavailable in LP form Big Youth material spanning a decade of releases is made available on a new album circulating pre outlets via the Heartbeat label of Massachusetts in the US.

Entitled 'The Chanting Dread Inna Fine Style' (HB 08), the set is a 14 track collection of predominantly music previously issued on single bearing the Youth's own Negusa Negast imprint.

Here is the inspired Manley Buchanan from the early and mid '70s just prior to 'Dreadlocks Dread' riding the Carlton And His Shoes 'Love Me Forever' rhythm to rebuke Prince Jazzbo on 'African Daughter', savagely in control of Gregory's 'Smiling Face' bass and drum foundation for the utter expression of 'Dread Inna Babylon', the topical 'Sky Juice' and similarly topical later 'Jah Jah Golden Jubilee', a stab at Bob Andy's 'My Time' and one of the better of his singing successes, backed by The Heptones on 'Streets Of Africa'.

The backing rhythms on these toasts were shared by a pair of formidable bassists in reggae pioneer J Jackson and solid Soul Syndicate master George Fullwood, while drumming duties were shared between Santa, one S Martin and original Upsetter and Wailer Carlton Barrett. Other musicians included Chinna and Hux (lead guitar); Tony Chin and Duggie (rhythm); Wire Lindo, Augustus Pablo, Tyrone Downie and W Malcolm (piano and organ), and Youth himself providing harmonica on the 'Salvation Light' instrumental.

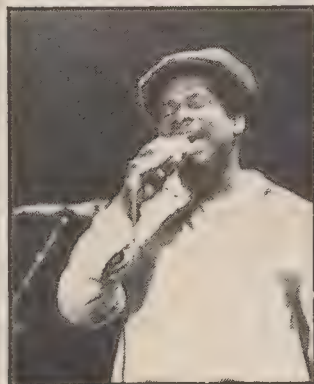
Also revived on the set are 'My Buddy', the Ansel Collins 'Stalag' toast 'All Nations Bow', 'Mama Look', 'Jah Jah Shall Guide', 'Jah Jah Love Them', 'Golden Dub' and 'Who Laughed Last'.



Big Youth inna fine style.

Pic: Vernon St Hilaire.

Osbourne's cracker!



Johnny Osbourne as small axe.

Pic: Jon Futrell.

A BRUTAL new Channel One cut of the 'Real Rock' rhythm, with surely the hand of Niney! somewhere in the mix, demolishes all comers on the latest Johnny Osbourne single paraphrasing Barrington Levy's 'Hammer' for 'Lend Me Your Chopper'. Issued on Hitbound the title features whiplash drums on a song of certain militance and acknowledges Barrington with the lyric 'the man with the hammer don't know his grammar'.

Also current from Johnny Osbourne is a new Studio One music featuring a familiar Brentford Road rhythm on the 'enjoy yourself, it's later than you think' motif for 'Rub A Dub Party' on the Coxson label plus alongside Aswad on Simba, 'Don't Bit The Hand' ten inch slate.

Other recent titles on Coxson include a further 'Full Up' version for Jim Brown along with Devon Russel to toast 'Ragga Muffin' and Denise Darlington with 'War No Right'. While on Studio 1 itself Willie Williams sings 'Keep On Moving'.

Further interesting new pre sides from Larry Marshall and the African Stars singing the praises of 'Rittinella' to the accompaniment of 'hookie jookie reggae' on Lignum Vitea Int; Realistic with 'Government Department' (Maple Leaf) and Asher Nelson, 'You Don't Have To Mingle' (High Music). Also available: Errol Dunn, 'Children Of The Ghetto' (Tides); Yellowman, 'Old McDonald' (Volcano); Junior Keating, 'Africa' (Uhuru) and Roots Locks, 'Give I A Chance' (All Star).

Finally, Studio 1 enthusiast Lee of M&D returned recently from Jamaica and presently holds a variety of Brentford Road music. On a recent visit I found such scarce sides as Joe Higgs' 'Change Of Plan', Freddie McKay's 1971 'When I Am Gray', Lloyd Jones' 'Red In A Babylon' and even the Gladiators Band dub of the rhythm. Check M&D at 36a Dalston Lane, E8.

Penny Reel

No problem?

VOLATILE songstress Janet Kay — who currently plays the Cinderella role of Angel in C4's *No Problem* comedy — has a new release out this week on Solid Groove discomix coupling 'Can't Give It Up' with 'Imagine That' (SG 024). Produced by D Bovell.



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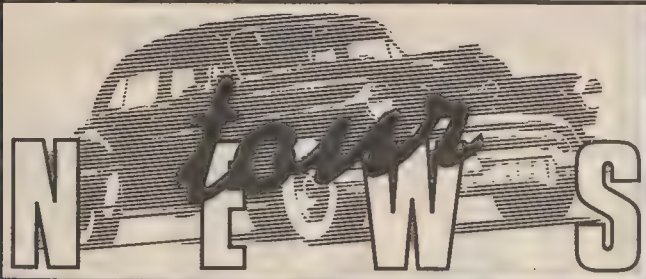
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OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing from a semi-frequency — and you, O most of all I hate... early session every Friday at Seven Sisters School, Roslyn Road, off West Green Road, Tottenham, N15 with live on the dance floor two resident sound First Choice and City Dread Hi-Power. Music from 7pm until midnight. Refreshments. Admission: £1. Rope in deh... whose wisdom is but to be cynical... this Friday at the South Bank Poly, Borough Road site, Elephant & Castle, SE1 live onstage Misty In Roots plus the Beat Roots... the knave's analysis... also this Friday at the new Willow Club (formerly Phebes), 240 Amhurst Road, N16 presenting Unity Hi-Fi with DJ Roy Rankin plus Chaghan & Modeller, with Danny Casanova and Unity Sounds downstairs and Big Byron blowing minds with his latest hits upstairs. Licensed bar and restaurant. Doors open 9pm... you who have never known the heart set wild with a word... the annual Carnival Dance of the Trinidad & Tobago Nurses Association (UK) takes place this Saturday — from 7pm to 2am — at the fabulous Grosvenor Rooms, Walm Lane, London, NW2 with endless music by Ebony Steelband and Lord Sam Soca Wax. Licensed bar and food on sale. Tickets £4 from Lord Sam on 01-743 8814 or £4.50 at the door. Carnival dress optional... or seen the swallows blown Northward... a spectacular Pre Valentine Dance Buffet and martial arts display is to be held at Lola Jones Hall (Tooting Swimming Pool), Greaves Place, off Garratt Lane, Tooting Broadway, SW17 this Saturday from 7pm to 12 midnight. Dancing to the DL Disco Show. Information: 01-689 9313... when spring has stirred the wing's rebellion... also on Saturday at 7.30pm is a Gospel Evening featuring groups Revelation 22 and The Soul Seekers with Leonard Davis at Harlesden Baptist Church, Acton Lane, NW10. Admission by programme (50p) from 01-459 6670... I wonder if you found, beaten with wind and sun, a swallow on the ground... the Ethiopian World Federation instruct Rasta Seminars on livity and doctrine every Saturday from 2 to 4pm. Jah Bones presides discussion of African history, politics and culture, black philosophy, Garvey, Selassie I, Nkrumah, art of reasoning, linguistic analysis etc at the Braemar Buildings, Roslyn and Braemar Roads, Tottenham, N15... would even a moment's thought trouble you with a fleet pain... meanwhile, the chapter's organ *Voice Of Rasta* has published issue 39 with features GLC report on Rasta Livity, The Empire Of Kush, and poems from Benjamin Zephaniah. Available from Headstart, Grass Roots, New Beacon bookshops and the above address price 20p... that such daring brought such passionate defeat... will not a voice speak out against the filthy poison scrawled hatefully from Tottenham Hale to Ware, but most especially at Angel Edmonton, on the Hertford East BR line out of London?... One Love...



UFO are making contact

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the major spring tour by UFO — for which the London show at Hammersmith Odeon on April 14 was announced three weeks ago. The remainder of the schedule is now set to take in Ipswich Gaumont (March 21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Nottingham Rock City (23), Oxford Apollo (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Bradford St. George's Hall (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Edinburgh Playhouse (30), Aberdeen Capitol (31), Glasgow Apollo (April 1), Preston Guildhall (2), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Cardiff St. David's Hall (5), Bristol Colston Hall (8), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (9), Poole Arts Centre (10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Brighton Dome (12) and Southend Cliffs Pavilion (13).

As a prelude to the outing, Chrysalis release the new UFO album 'Making Contact' this weekend — on which three tracks were penned by Paul Chapman, and the remainder by Neil Carter and Phil Mogg. Following Pete Way's departure from the band last summer, Carter and Chapman both played bass tracks on the LP. UFO have now decided to remain as a four-piece, though on the upcoming tour American bassist Billy Sheehan will stand in — he is, in fact, currently working in Europe with them. Tickets for the tour are on sale now, except at Bristol where the box-office opens on March 8. Prices everywhere are £4.50, £4 and £3.50, except Nottingham where it's £3 only.

Tears For Fears taking the plunge

TEARS FOR FEARS follow their impressive chart success with 'Mad World', which reached No.3 in the autumn, with news of their first headlining tour — an extensive 22-date schedule in early spring, supported at all venues by Verba Verba. With their latest single 'Change' now on release, they're currently putting the finishing touches to their debut album, to be issued in March coinciding with the tour. The basic duo of Curt (bass) and Roland (guitar) will be augmented on the road by three extra musicians — Manny Elias (drums), Ian Stanley and Andy Davis (both on keyboards).

Dates are Norwich East Anglia University (March 17), Hanley Victoria Hall (18), Leeds University (19), Manchester Palace (20), Liverpool Royal Court (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Aberdeen Capitol (24), Glasgow Tiffany's (25), Lancaster University (26), Bristol Locarno (27), Cardiff Top Rank (29), Poole Arts Centre (30), Dunstable Queensway Hall (31), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (April 2), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Brighton Top Rank (4), Margate



Winter Gardens (5), Guildford Civic Hall (6), Oxford Apollo (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), London Strand Lyceum (10) and Bath Pavilion (11). All tickets are priced £3.50, and they're on sale now from box-offices and usual agents.

DIONNE SETS 16 CONCERTS

DIONNE WARWICK, whose spring tour plans were revealed by NME in early December, has now been confirmed for 16 major concerts in May — with the probability of at least two more dates being added later. With her 'Heartbreaker' single and album both having topped the UK charts in November, and her follow-up single 'All The Love In The World' recently reaching No.5, Arista release her latest single this weekend — 'Yours'/'Take The Short Way Home', available in both 7" and 12" formats.

Tour dates are Coventry Apollo (May 12), London Hammersmith Odeon (13), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16), Manchester Apollo (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (20), Preston Guildhall (21), Liverpool Empire (22), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Harrogate Royal Hall (26), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (28), Cardiff St. David's Hall (30), Brighton Centre (31) and Portsmouth Guildhall (June 1).

Tickets are on sale now from box-offices and usual agents priced £9, £8 and £7 Hammersmith; £8, £7 and £6 (Bournemouth and Cardiff); £8, £7, £6 and £5 (Brighton); £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 (Croydon and Southend); £8.50 only (Harrogate); £8, £7.75, £7.50, £6.75, £5.75 and £4.75 (Preston); £7, £6 and £5 (Newcastle); £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Bridlington and Glasgow); and £7.50, £7 and £6.50 (all remaining venues).

BILL NELSON IN CABINET!

BILL NELSON and The Yorkshire Actors Company will perform their version of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* as part of their touring show, which visits Bournemouth Academy (February 17), Manchester Polytechnic (23), Leeds Polytechnic (24), Huddersfield Polytechnic (25), Leicester Polytechnic (26), Edinburgh Queens Hall (March 2) and Hull University (3), with a London date still to be confirmed. Meanwhile, The Cabinet — an offshoot of the Yorkshire actors, who've just released a single 'Still Tears' on Sharp Records — are also playing some dates under the banner of *Pandora's Box Tour*, and these include London Scala Cinema (February 18), Brighton Zap Club (19) and Sheffield Crucible Theatre (March 6).

Gust of H'Wind

HAWKWIND are about to go into Rockfield Studios to record a new album and, before doing so, they've decided to play a short series of concerts to work in new material. Promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises, they visit Bradford St. George's Hall (February 9), Dunstable Queensway Hall (10), Leicester University (11), Sheffield University (12), London Hammersmith Palais (13), St. Helens Theatre Royal (15) and Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (16). London and Nottingham tickets are all £4.

Eurythmics find their balance

EURYTHMICS set out this month on a substantial tour with, for the first time, a balanced band format. The basic nucleus of Annie Lennox (vocals) and Dave Stewart (guitar and bass) have co-opted three other established musicians for this outing — drummer Clem Burke (Blondie), keyboards man Mickey Gallagher (Blockheads) and percussionist Eddi Reader (Gang Of Four). The tour coincides with the release by RCA of the second Eurythmics album 'Sweet Dreams Are Made Of This', and it's preceded by a special appearance tonight (Thursday) at London Camden Palace.

The schedule comprises Hull Dingwalls (February 16), Sheffield



Dingwalls (17), Birmingham Aston University (18), Bristol Dingwalls (19), Lancaster University (20), Newport Harper Adams College (22), Keele University (23), Newcastle Dingwalls (24), Glasgow Night Moves (25), Aberdeen University (26), Dundee Dance Factory (27), Liverpool Dingwalls (March 2), Manchester Hacienda Club (3), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (4), Loughborough University (5), Hatfield Polytechnic (7), Portsmouth Polytechnic (8), Southampton University (9), Bournemouth Academy (10), Swansea University (11), Norwich East Anglia University (12) and London Strand Lyceum (13).

MAIDEN ADD ANOTHER TWO

Iron Maiden have added two more concerts to their spring UK tour, announced two weeks ago — and, in fact, these extra shows now become the opening dates in their schedule. They are at Hull City Hall (May 2; tickets £4.50, £4 and £3.50) and Preston Guildhall (May 3; all tickets £4.50). Box-offices are now open.

NAZARETH CHARITY CONCERT

Scottish rockers Nazareth make a rare UK appearance on Valentine's Day, February 14, when they play a benefit to raise money for the Sick Children's Hospital in Edinburgh. It's in conjunction with Radio Forth, who are broadcasting the show live. It's at Edinburgh Coasters and all tickets are £5, though they are limited to 1000.

MORE BY DON WILLIAMS

The British tour in April by country star Don Williams, announced by NME before Christmas, has been extended to take in another two shows. These come at the outset of the itinerary, and are at Birmingham Odeon (April 5) and Glasgow Kelvin Hall (7).

FINAL WHATEVER YOU WANT

The last show in the current series of Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* is being filmed at London Brixton Ace Cinema on Thursday, February 17, for transmission the following Monday. It's co-headlined by Aswad and Clint Eastwood & General Saint, and all tickets are £2.50.

McTELL HEADS FESTIVAL

Ralph McTell has been named as one of the headlines at this year's Nottinghamshire Folk Festival, to be staged at Bingham Leisure Centre (ten miles east of Nottingham) on June 24 and 25. Hank Wangford Band and Roaring Jelly are among other acts already set, and a number of international attractions are being negotiated. Two-day tickets purchased before May 1 cost £7.50, afterwards it's £10. Address is Folk Festival, Leisure Services, Trent Bridge House, Fox Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 6BJ.

CHAS & DAVE MINI-TOUR

A short series of dates has been lined up for Chas & Dave, as an interim measure between major tours. They play Purfleet Circus Tavern (this Thursday to Sunday), Norwich Norwood Rooms (February 23), Chatham Central Hall (24), Newmarket Cabaret Club (26), Windsor Blazers (27-March 5) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (6).

AMERICAN VISITORS DUE

ROSE ROYCE, DENEICE WILLIAMS and THE STYLISTIC are all set for British tours in the early spring. Initially, they've all been confirmed for cabaret engagements at Watford Bailey's — Deneice for three nights from March 21, and The Stylistics six nights from April 11. Full concert and cabaret schedules are at present being finalised for the three acts, and details are expected shortly.



ONE THE JUGGLER DATES

Highly-rated new band One The Juggler are playing a short promotional tour, in support of their new single 'Passion Killer' — visiting Sheffield Dingwalls (February 9), Bristol Dingwalls (10), Hastings Rumours (11), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (12), Nottingham Asylum (18) and Coventry General Wolfe (19), prior to recording tracks for their debut album. They also appear in BBC-2's *Oxford Roadshow* tomorrow (Friday).

KLUB FOOT IS STILL STOMPING

KLUB FOOT, the Thursday-night haunt located at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel, is to continue indefinitely — though it will no longer concentrate strictly on punk, and is adopting an "anything goes" policy. Three acts are featured each week, and the main headlines for this month are The Vibrators (tonight, Thursday), True Life Confessions (February 10), The Angelic Upstarts (17) and Hanoi Rocks (24). Promoters are Head Music.

ORCHESTRA JAZIRA are in live action this month with gigs at Colchester Essex University (tomorrow, Friday), London Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Bristol University (February 12), London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall (15), London Soho Gold Coast Club (16), Learnington Spa Centre (18), Liverpool University (19), Glasgow Night Moves (24), Newcastle Freeman Hall (25), Edinburgh University with Pigbag (26) and London Camden Centre (27).

GASPER LAVAL Africa Band are back in town and, on the crest of the current African explosion, they headline an "African Rhythm Night" at London Camden Dingwalls on Thursday, February 10. Support acts Spartacus, and tickets are £2.50.

THE SEARCHERS are playing a series of dates to celebrate their 21st anniversary — at London Brentford Red Lion (February 8), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9), Frodsham Merseyview (10-13), Watford Bailey's (14-16), Newport Tiffany's (17), Gloucester Bowden Hall (18), Gloucester Roundabout (19), Accrington Lar-de-dars (21) and Sutton Coldfield Penns Hall Hotel (26).

THE BLUEBELLS have added two gigs to, and subtracted one from, their current headlining UK tour. Their projected show at Kingston Polytechnic on February 9 is now off, but they have confirmed new dates at Reading University (February 15) and Liverpool Dingwalls (16).



TOKYO OLYMPICS are just about the hottest property on the Irish circuit right now, and they've just arrived in the UK for their first visit, coinciding with the release of their single 'Shot By Love' on the London-based Ritz label (7" and 12" formats). Initially, they're playing the Dingwalls circuit — Liverpool (tonight, Thursday), Sheffield (Friday) and Hull (Saturday) — but more dates are being added.

THE CORPORATION have been booked to play London Camden Dingwalls tonight (Thursday), as replacement for Wilson Pickett — who, as reported last week, blew out his British tour at short notice. They are also at London Middlesex Polytechnic on February 10, and a string of gigs is currently being lined up to tie in with their appearance on NME's new 'Racket Packet' cassette.

BLACK FLAG will be touring Britain in March after a lengthy absence, due to their Venezuelan drummer being unable to obtain a visa — though this problem has now been overcome by the simple process of acquiring a new drummer. Dates will be announced in a week or two, and they'll be supported by L.A. bands Minutemen and Nigheist.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS (February 7) and Tymon Dagg (14) are the next two headliners at a new club called The Sprouts Conspiracy, which swings into action every Monday at London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield (7.30pm). There are four acts in each show, plus videos and films.

FESTIVAL OF NEW POETRY takes place all next week. Monday through Saturday (7-12) at London's Cockpit Theatre in Marylebone. Preceded by a free hour open to all poets, the main nightly event is at 9pm — when Benjamin Zephaniah, Seething Wells, Little Brother, Micheline Wandor and Jay Ramsay are among 36 poets featured during the week.

DAVE KELLY BAND continue shaking off their Blues Band image with additional dates at London Fulham Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), Banbury United Club (this Saturday), London Stratford North-East Polytechnic (February 17), London Woolwich Tramshed (March 3), Guildford Technical College (4) and Derby Lonsdale College (12).

PERSIAN PLOUGHMAN are a brand new band launched by Nick Nicole, formerly keyboards player with the now-defunct Wasted Youth, but now stepping out front as vocalist. Their first four gigs are all in the London area — Fulham Greyhound (March 11), New Merlin's Cave, WC1 (18), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (March 5) and Kensington Adlib (12).

TWELFTH NIGHT have landed three more headliners at London Marquee Club — this Thursday (3), February 20 and March 16 — in support of their indie album 'Fact & Fiction', which has already sold over 5000 copies. Other new gigs are at Guildford Surrey University (February 11), Oxford Corn Dolly (13), Reading Top Rank (24) and Wokingham Angie's (March 6).

record

Dio leaves Sabbath and records with own band

RONNIE JAMES DIO, the featured singer on Black Sabbath's current hit album 'Live Evil', has now officially left the band after three years. He intends to pursue a solo career, and is already recording his first solo album for April release (on Phonogram in the UK). He's put together a new band for the LP project, to be known simply as Dio, and drummer Vinnie Appice has also pulled out of Sabbath to join him — the other two members being bassist Jimmy Bain (who previously worked with Dio in Rainbow) and guitarist Vivian Campbell who was formerly with Irish band Sweet Savage. Dio will be touring in the early summer to support the album, but it's not yet known if a UK visit is planned — neither is it yet known how (or if) the depleted Black Sabbath line-up will be restored.

● **Magnum Force Records** have set February 18 for the release of another EP by **Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets**, recorded prior to the singer's chart success. It features 'Justine', 'Jungle Rock', 'Story Of The Rockers', and 'My Baby Died'.

● **Irish trio Mamas Boys**, who'll be guesting on the Thin Lizzy tour starting next week, have a new single out on Ultranoise Records (distributed and marketed by Albion). It's 'Needle In The Groove'/'Hard Headed Ways', with a bonus track titled 'Silence Is Out Of Fashion' on the 12-inch format.

● **Flux Of Pink Indians** have released a 12-track album called 'Strive To Survive Causing Least Suffering Possible' on their own Spider Leg label, distributed by Small Wonder and Rough Trade. They say the maximum retail price should be £3.

● **'I'd Like To'** is the new single by **Feel** — who comprise girl singer Gail Freeman, aided and abetted by the production team of Danny Weiss and Chris Hills, who together have already had one big hit in the States. It's issued this week by PRT on the licensed Sutra label.

● **Uproar** are from Sunderland while **External Menace** hail from Scotland, and both have EPs released by Beat The System Records, titled 'Rebel Youth' and 'Youth Of Today' respectively. The label is a subsidiary of Blackpool's Lightbeat Records, which itself has just signed Dave Parkinson's **The New Number Two** for two singles and an album.

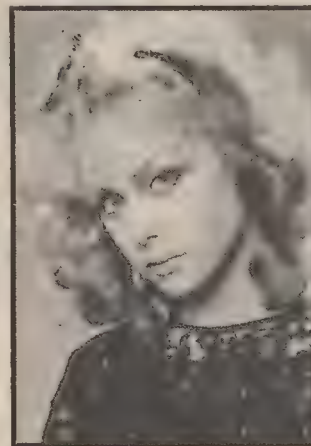
● The second album by **Blah Blah Blah** is out this week on Blah Records (through Pinnacle). The LP is self-named, purple and yellow striped — and, say the band, has a nice side and a nasty side!

● The first single by **Dead Kennedys** producer **Geza X** is out this week on the Alternative Tentacles label (through Rough Trade and Stage One). The titles are 'I'm Not Hungarian', 'Mean Mr. Mommy Man' and 'We Need More Power'.

● **Montreal electro band Men Without Hats** have their new single 'The Safety Dance' out this week in both 7" and 12" formats (each with different B-sides), and it features Canadian premier **Pierre Trudeau's** ex-wife Margaret on backing vocals. It's on Statik Records, distributed by Stage One.

● **German outfit Kowalski** release their album 'Overman Underground', recorded at Conny Plank's studio, through Virgin on February 11. Although basically sung in German, four tracks have been re-recorded with English lyrics. The band are at present negotiating a support spot on a major British tour.

● **Polydor** this week release a mid-price heavy rock compilation titled 'A Little Bit Of Light Relief'. It includes tracks by **Motorhead**, **Samson**, **Girlschool**, **Stampede** and **Cozy Powell**, among others.



● **Honey Bane**, currently on view in Mai Zetterling's film *Scrubbers*, have a new single released by Zonophone (through EMI) this week. The A-side is 'Dizzy Dreamers', and it's coupled with '10's Burning' and 'Ongoing Situation' — all three penned by Honey and her partner Jonathan Moore.

● **'Looking For The Perfect Beat'** by **Afrika Bambaataa & Soul Sonic Force** is already a hot import item, but this week it's officially released here by Polydor in both 7" and 12" formats — the latter is a 12-minute version, featuring over three minutes of bonus beats.

HAIRCUT IN CONFUSION OVER INCOMPLETE LP

HAIRCUT 100 — that's to say, the remaining members now that Nick Heyward has left — have created some confusion about their recording plans. They issued a statement last week about their second album, which they started recording last October — and which caused the postponement of their pre-Christmas tour, when it wasn't finished in time. They now explain that the backing tracks were ready in ample time, and the delay was due to Heyward being unwilling to record his vocal tracks.

Mark Fox, who's officially taken over as the group's vocalist, commented: "Nick's departure is a timely exit, as

it's been very frustrating for us. He'd also wasted so much of the band's money on studio time, and the situation couldn't go on." The statement went on to say that the LP would now be completed, with Fox recording vocals over the backing tracks, and released in the spring.

But Arista this week totally denied this, insisting that the album has been shelved. Said their spokesperson: "We just don't know what's going to happen to it and, in any case, all the songs are Nick's. The other guys will soon start recording some material of their own, and that half-finished album will remain half-finished." Another snag is that they're not sure if they can continue using the name Haircut 100 — or, indeed, if they want to.



BLANCMANGE follow their recent 'Living On The Ceiling' hit with a new single, released by London Records on February 11 — titled 'Waves', it was included in their 'Happy Families' LP, but has here been specially re-recorded. There's also a 12-inch version containing an extra track. And to make sure they have something in the can, they're already in New York recording their next single.

JIMMY PURSEY, he of Sham 69 fame, releases his self-financed album 'Revenge Is Not The Password' this weekend. It will be followed shortly by a single titled 'Man Worries Man'. Both are on his own CodeBlack label, with distribution through Stage One.

SUN RA releases his first new studio album for over two years on his own El Saturn label, titled 'Fireside Chat With Lucifer (Nuclear War!)'. It's being imported and distributed by Recommended Records, who are also making available — for the first time outside America — several of his El Saturn recordings from the late '60s period.

JERRY LEE LEWIS has his previously reported boxed set 'The Sun Years' released this week by Charly Records. The 12 albums contain no less than 209 tracks, and the package also includes a 26-page LP-size booklet. Charly recommend £37.50 as the maximum retail price.

TOM ROBINSON has a five-track EP issued this week by Panic Records, retailing at £1.99. It features 'Now Richard's Gone' (a longer dub version of 'Now Martin's Gone'), 'King Kong Elvis' (on which Robinson plays all the instruments as well as singing), 'Atmospherics', 'Coldharbour Lane' and a live version of 'Tango An Der Wand'.

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD releases a new single this weekend called 'Blood On The Ice', which concerns the annual slaughter of seal cubs. It's on Animus Records, the company dedicated to promoting awareness of animal abuse — and it's taken from his compilation album 'Animal Tracks', available from the same source, with distribution through IDS.

MARI WILSON & The Wilsations have their debut album 'Showpeople' released on Compact on February 18 — and it includes her much-requested version of the standard 'Cry Me A River', which she recorded with a 40-piece orchestra. It comes with a free colour poster-calendar for 1983, featuring 12 pictures of Mari suitably attired for the appropriate months.

THE THE have their latest single released on the Some Bizzare label on February 11, coupling 'Perfect' and 'Nature Of Virtue'. It's apparently a month overdue, as the result of an "artistic dispute" in New York while recording was taking place.

TRIO, the German group whose last single 'Da Da Da' rocketed to No. 2 in the UK charts last year, release the follow-up through Phonogram this weekend titled 'Anna — Letmein Letmeout', and it's available in both 7" and 12" formats, each with a different B-side. They're about to start recording an album in Munich, for release later in the year.

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have their original No. 1 hit 'Geno'/'Breakin' Down The Walls Of Heartache' reissued by their former label EMI next Monday (7). 'Geno' was taken from the album 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' which is also available again in EMI's mid-price Fame series, retailing at a maximum £2.99.

SPANDAUBALLET have a new single released by Reformation/Chrysalis this weekend, titled 'Communication', and also available as a 12-inch club mix. Penned by Gary Kemp, it's a track from their upcoming album, and the group are currently shooting a video for it at various London locations.

PAT BENATAR has a limited edition EP issued by Chrysalis this weekend at a special price of less than £1. It features her latest single and its predecessor, 'Get Nervous' and 'Shadows Of The Night' — plus two old favourites, 'Heartbreaker' and 'Treat Me Right'.

RANDY NEWMAN, who arrives in the UK next week for a short concert series, has a 12-inch version of his current single 'The Blues' released by Warners this week. It contains three other tracks — 'Short People' (his own big hit), 'Simon Smith' (an Alan Price hit) and 'Mama Told Me Not To Come' (a Three Dog Night hit). He'll be performing 'The Blues' on BBC-2's *Russell Harty Show* on Tuesday, February 15.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN's current single 'The Cutter' and nowalbum 'Porcupine' will each be accompanied by a free five-track cassette when purchased this month. The tape features 'The Cutter', plus four tracks from the band's first John Peel session in 1979. The offer is for a limited period only.

DONNA SUMMER releases her follow-up to her hit single 'State Of Independence' this weekend on WEA International. It features two songs from her current self-named album, 'The Women In Me'/'Livin' In America'. There's also a 12-inch version with a bonus track titled 'The Wanderer'.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY's delayed 12-inch EP 'The Bad Seed', originally planned for November release, is out this week on 4AD Records — it features 'Sonny's Burning', 'Fears Of Gun', 'Wild World' and 'Deep In The Woods'. Currently in Europe, they'll be returning to the UK shortly, and dates will be announced in a couple of weeks.

NEXT WEEK

PRINCE CHARLES

Timid Richard Grabel ventures onto New York's club circuit to track down the bad boy of soul. No, not HiM — but HIM!

JOHN CALE

Eccentric English journalist Barney Hoskyns locates mad, Welsh musician John Cale in a dusky London basement. "My God," muttered an awe-struck Hoskyns, "I didn't realise how fat Cale is."

PLUS — the usual assortment of fun, entertainment, reviews, news, controversy and downright lies

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Friday 4th February (Adm £2.50) THE TRUTH Plus support & Jerry Floyd	Tuesday 8th February (Adm £2.00) CROWN OF THORNS Big Ancestor & Jerry Floyd
Saturday 5th February (Adm £2.00) MAMA'S BOYS Double Agent & Jerry Floyd	Wednesday 9th February (Adm £3.50) SPECIAL MYSTERY GUESTS Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sunday 6th February (Adm £2.00) LIMELIGHT SHELLSHOCK & D.J. Jerry Floyd Half price admission only with this advert before 8pm	Thursday 10th February (Adm £2.00) PALLAS Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

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Friday 4th February 52ND STREET + Smiths	Friday 11th February JOBOXERS
Wednesday 16th February DIVINE	Friday 18th February ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE
Wednesday 23rd February CHINA CRISIS	Thursday 24th February BIRTHDAY PARTY
Thursday 3rd March THE EURYTHMICS	Thursday 10th March JOHN CALE Coming Soon
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Wednesday 16th February	FAD GADGET	£2.50
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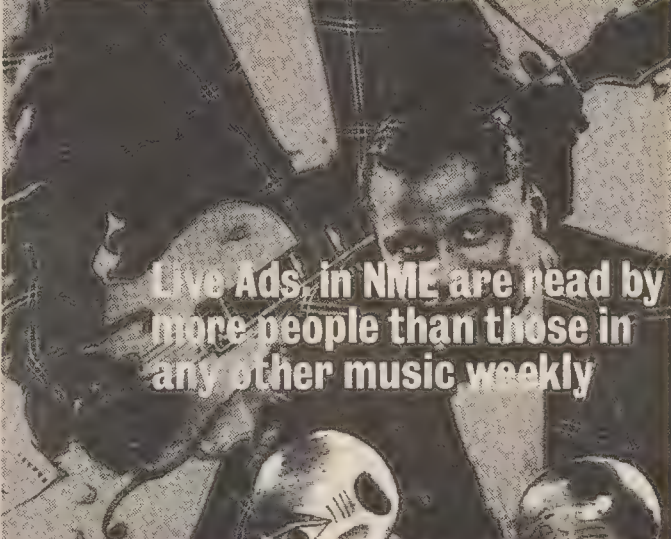
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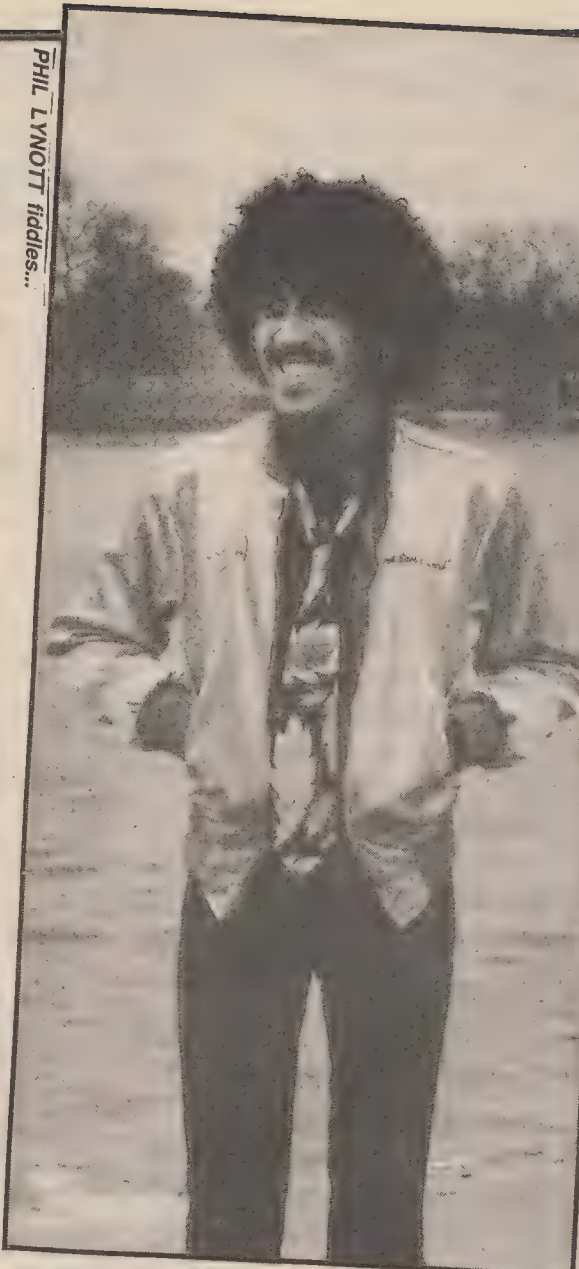
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FINGERS, LIZZY: THE END OF THE ROAD

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS come to the end of the road this week, as they play their two farewell gigs prior to an irrevocable split — and they've chosen Newcastle (Saturday) and Glasgow (Sunday) in which to say their goodbyes. But as a memento, they leave behind a compilation album of all their singles ... and THIN LIZZY are also on the point of disbandment, though they have a six-week tour to get through before reaching the final curtain, opening in Scarborough on Wednesday. They also bow out with one last album which, in their case, is called "Thunder And Lightning". However, you may rest assured that we haven't heard the last of Fingers figurehead Jake Burns, nor Lizzy linchpin Phil Lynott.

The US of A supplies its usual quota of visitors, and a very intriguing batch they are, too. BOBBY & THE MIDNITES is a contrived name for a group of all-star musicians from the likes of The Grateful Dead and Weather Report, plus master drummer Billy Cobham, and they're in action at Sheffield (Thursday) and London Hammersmith (Friday) ... At the latter venue the next day,

there's a package tour of acts on America's Total Experience label, including THE GAP BAND and YARBOROUGH & PEOPLES — and it moves on to Birmingham on Monday ... EVELYN 'Champagne' KING flies in to play concerts at Chippenham (Friday), Croydon (Sunday) and London Dominion (Monday) ... and RANDY NEWMAN prefaces his short visit with a special show at Hitchin on Wednesday, which is being filmed for BBC-2's *Sight And Sound* series.

FAD GADGET finally gets to playing his long-promised tour, with initial dates at Glasgow (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Retford (Saturday), Brighton (Monday), Croydon (Thursday) and Nottingham (Wednesday) ... THE VIBRATORS are undertaking their first full tour since they re-formed last year, tied in with the release of their first new album for four years, called 'Guilty' — and they kick off in London on Thursday ... The same day in Leeds, that very enterprising nine-piece outfit ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE begin an extensive nationwide trek.

thursday

3rd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Night Out: Shakatak (until Saturday)
Birmingham Odeon: The Stranglers
Birmingham Opposite Lock: Kabuki/Slant
Birmingham Up The Junction: The Kind/Naybers
Bordon The Robin Hood: Rattlesnake
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton New Regent: Peter & The Test Tube Babies/Tales From The Tube/Gun Control/Sergeant Stone
Bristol Dingwalls: Roy Harper Band
Buckingham The Mitre: Precious Little Idols
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes
Coventry General Wolfe: Joboxers
Coventry Hope & Anchor: Furious Apples
Coventry Warwick University: Clint Eastwood & General Saint
Croydon Cartoon: The Drivers
Dartford Flicks: The Toy Shop
Doverham Market Castle Hotel: Terrain
Dundee Dance Factory: Music For Pleasure
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Sky
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Syndicate
Glasgow Night Moves: Fad Gadget
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: Rock Island Road
Show with The Saints
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Bluebells
Hull College: Battle Of The Bands Semi-Final with Makossa/Magnum
Force/Dutch/Italian Shoes/Flying Alphonso Brothers/Moscow/Blaze
Hull Dingwalls: Airstrip One
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Moving Hearts
Leeds Warehouse: Animal Nightlife
Liverpool Dingwalls: Tokyo Olympics
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: Cry, Cry, Cry/Foreign Affair
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Warehouse: Misty In Roots
London Battersea: The Latchmere: The Sun
London Brixton Ace Cinema: Level 42/The Flying Pickets
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Mambo Jambo/The Sex Kittens/The Ramblers
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Zodiacs
London Catford Black Horse: The Wild Eagles
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: High Sierra

London Covent Garden The Canteen: The Temperance Seven
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Chariot
London Fulham Golden Lion: Dave Kelly Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Shea/Separate Energy
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at The Clarendon: The Vibrators/Actifed/Brigandage
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Commodores
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Milkshakes
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust
Twins
London Marquee Club: Twelfth Night
London N.7 The Favourite: Jan Ponsford
Quintet with Jim Dvorak
London Oxford St. 100 Club: The Ovaltines/London Branch/Vicious Rumours
London Putney Half Moon: Jazz Sluts
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Bill Brunsell Band
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: Pete Zero/Wild Girls/Otis Canneloni/Felix & The Cats
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Red Terror & Green/Baroness Clara Von Krupps/Cellar 16
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
London S.E.5 Longfield Hall (3pm): The Redskins
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Willesden Spotted Dog: The Directors
London Woolwich Tramshed: Jackie Lynton Band/Escort
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: Benjamin Zephaniah
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: Katz City
Swingers
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: Room 13
Manchester Hacienda Club: Section 25/Swallow Tongues
Manchester The Gallery: John Cooper
Clarke/Tosh Ryan's Prime Time Suckers
Newcastle Dingwalls: Amazulu
Newcastle Soul Cellar (Greys Club): Hurrah!
Newcastle University: Music For Pleasure
Newquay Atlantic Club: The Nashville Teens
Newport Tiffany's: Talisman/Band Bamboo
Norwich Jacquard Club: Fireball XL5
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Ipsa Facto
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: Ginger Bread
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples

Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: A Conversation
Oldham Moor End Bar: The Relatives
Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Fictitious Four
Sheffield Dingwalls: Bobby & The Midnites
Sheffield The Hanover: Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas
Southampton University: I.Q.
Stockport College of Technology: Zanti Misfitz
Stockport Smugglers Club:
Nu-trix/Rebellion/Opposite Taste
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: Talk Dark
Swindon Solitaire: Cloud
Whitstable Old Neptune Club: English Rogues
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: Sub Zero
Worcester Waterside Club: Wrathchild

friday

4th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Sky
Alfreton George Hotel: Schell Shock
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Design/Vogue
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Tony McPhee Band
Birmingham University: Battle Of The Bands
Semi-Final with Tangle/French Lessons/The Black Knights/Kick Partners/Perfect Strangers/Umo Vogue/Flight Seven Seven
Blackburn Regent Hotel: Ik
Blackburn Trades Club: Rough Mix
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Jake Thrackray
Bradford Palm Cove Club: Charged G.B.H.
Brighton New Regent: The Mystery Boys
Cambridge Jazz Club: Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika
Cardiff University: Pendragon
Chippenham Goldiggers: Evelyn King
Colchester Essex University: Orchestre Jazira
Colne Franc's: Skeletal Family
Coventry General Wolfe: Chevy/Flackoff
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Walter Mitty's Little White Lies
Edinburgh Art College: Zanti Misfitz
Edinburgh Nite Club: Soldier
Edinburgh University: Fad Gadget
Egham Royal Holloway College: Lenny Henry
Gateshead Honeysuckle: The Sensible Pencils
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: Shy Wolf
Harlow Town F.C.: Chariot
Harrow The Roxborough: Dream Cycle 7
Hastings Rumours Club: En Route
Hull Dingwalls: East Side Torpedoes

Keele University: The Bluebells
Letchworth North Herts College: Farmers Boys
Liverpool Dingwalls: Amazulu
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: Exit Girls/Skating For Cover
London Adlib at The Kensington: A Bigger Splash
London Battersea Arts Centre: The Breakfast Band
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: The Stingrays/Jailbirds
London Brixton Old White Horse: Pete Zero/Otis Canneloni/Wild Girls/Felix & The Cats
London Camden Dingwalls: Dave Kelly Band/The Zodiacs
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Red Beans & Rice Revue
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: Valdez
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Da Gamba
London Covent Garden The Canteen: The Temperance Seven
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Trilogy
London Fulham Golden Lion: Micky Jupp Band
London Fulham Greyhound: No Dice/The Two Bob Lemons
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The London Cowboys/Ghost
London Hammersmith Odeon: Bobby & The Midnites
London Hampstead New End Theatre: Johnny M
London Islington Pied Bull: BANC
London Manor House The Other Club: Eternal Scream
London Marquee Club: The Truth
London Mile End Queen Mary College: T.N.T.
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: The Duffy Brothers/Coolwater
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Kabbala
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Tokyo
London Putney Half Moon: The 45's
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Original East Side Stompers
London School of Economics: Roy Harper Band
London South Bank Polytechnic: Misty In Roots
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Motion Lotion
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Centre (2.30pm): Dread Broadcasting Corporation
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: Heartwave
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: The Extraordinaires
Maidenhead The Bell: Terraplane
Manchester Hacienda Club: 52nd Street
Manchester Lamplight Club: Special 20
Manchester The Gallery: Serious Drinking
Margate The First & Last: The Bureau Of Enquiries
Newcastle City Hall: Moving Hearts
Newcastle Dingwalls: Airstrip One
Norwich Jacquard Club: Vital Disorders
Oxford Apollo Theatre: The Stranglers
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Saracen
Reading Caribbean Club: The Seychelles
Retford Porterhouse: The Newtown Neurotics
Sheffield Dingwalls: Tokyo Olympics
Sheffield Polytechnic: Animal Nightlife
Solihull College of Technology: Maximum Joy/Federation
Southend Queens Hotel: Rent Party
South Shields Legion Club: Fist
Staleybridge Rose & Crown: Fault

saturday 5th

Banbury United Club: Dave Kelly Band
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Mark Miwurdz/Choir Demente
Birmingham Odeon: Moving Hearts
Bishops Stortford Half Moon: Chariot
Blackburn Regent Hotel: Ik
Bridgwater Unity Hall: Alice The Mongrel
Brighton New Regent: Only After Dark
Bristol Dingwalls: Talisman
Bristol Granary: Saracen
Chelmsford College of Higher Education: Precious Little Idols
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Colne Franc's: Attila The Stockbroker/The Newtown Neurotics
Coventry General Wolfe: Sex Gang Children/A Set Movement
Coventry Polytechnic: Shark Taboo
Coventry Warwick University: The Bluebells
Crewe Victoria Oakley Centre: David Allan Coe
Croydon The Star: Tony McPhee Band
Darlington Arts Centre: Zanti Misfitz
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Steve Gibbons Band
Gravesend Red Lion: Larry Miller Band
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: Ed Banger
Harlow College: Farmers Boys
Hastings Rumours Club: Lazy Train
Hereford Market Tavern: Mr Rons
High Wycombe Nags Head: Howard Jones
Holbury The Old Mill: Unicorn
Hull Dingwalls: Tokyo Olympics
Kingston Gipsy Hill College: The Sound/Cardiac Arrest/Anne Clark
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Goff Jackson & The Huns
Leicester Polytechnic: Joboxers/Farmlife
Leicester University: Roy Harper Band
Liverpool Dingwalls: Airstrip One
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: The D-Notes
Liverpool Met Club: Fault
Liverpool Warehouse: Jah Wobble
Liverpool Warehouse: Serious Drinking
London Battersea Arts Centre: The Breakfast Band
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: The Remarkable Family/The Jailbirds/A Shade Too Far
London Camden Dingwalls: East Side

Torpedoes/20 20 Vision
London Camden Dublin Castle: Ricky Cool Band/Micky Jupp
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Stikki Stuff
London Covent Garden The Canteen: Cayenne
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Rubella Ballet/Brigandage
London Greenwich The Mitre: The Mugshots/Fish
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Swimming To France/Parisienne Lifestyle
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Gap Band/Yarborough & Peoples/Goodie
London Harlesden Ye Olde Crown: A Bigger Splash
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: Tunukwa
London Marquee Club: Mamas Boys
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: Pete Zero/Otis Canneloni/Wild Girls/Felix & The Cats
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Monty Sunshine Band
London Putney Half Moon: Moondance
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Vin Garbutt
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: New Era Band
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover/Makka
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: Adrian Mitchell/Ferenc Aszmann/Chand Sharma/Jenny Lecoat
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Playn Jayn
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: The London Apaches
London W.C.2 School of Economics: The Monochrome Set/Five Or Six
Loughton Corbett Theatre: The Vibrators
Manchester The Gallery: The Porch Party
Newcastle City Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/The Alarm
Newcastle Dingwalls: Animal Nightlife
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: The Stranglers
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Truffle
Plymouth Polytechnic: Lenny Henry
Retford Porterhouse: Fad Gadget
Robertsbridge The Ostrich: Expandis
Sheffield Dingwalls: One The Juggler
Sheffield The Hanover: A Bohemian Situation
Sheffield The Leadmill: Amazulu
Southend Queens Hotel: Point Panic/Automatic Sum
Stroud Ulay Premar Project: Pendragon
Sunderland Polytechnic: Dagaband
Swindon Brunel Rooms: B.B.
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wokingham Angie's: The Watul Bros
Wokingham St. Crispin's Sports Centre: Geisha Girls

sunday

6th

Bathgate Cairn Park Hotel: Soldier
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Bristol Bridge Inn: The Inane
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Chiddingfold Six Bells: Expandis
Colne Franc's: Free Parking
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Evelyn King
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: David Allan Coe
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The D.T.'s
Exeter University: Twelfth Night
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers/The Alarm
Glasgow Maestros: Animal Nightlife
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Alligators
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Lancaster University: Roy Harper Band
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): One O'Clock Jump
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): Volunteers
Leeds Warehouse: The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): Wilma Williams & The Combo
London Camden Dublin Castle: Laverne Brown Band
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lazlo & The Leopards/Brag
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: David Essex
London Finchley Torrington: The G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Directors
London Fulham Golden Lion: Little Sister
London Hackney Chats Palace: Disband/Benjamin Zephaniah/Pauline Melville/The Oblivion Boys
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Vitale Voice/Stable Arabia
London Islington Pied Bull: The Swinging Hoovers
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Little John's Jazzers
London Putney Half Moon: Kevin Coyne Band
London Stockwell The Plough: Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Da-Gamba
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge
London Trafalgar-Square St. Martin's Crypt: Martin Oram
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: Pete

CONTINUES OVER

GIG GUIDE: CONTINUED

Zero/Otis Canneloni/Wild Girls/Felix & the Cats
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Don Harper-Denny Wright Quartet
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Stranglers
Manchester Palace Theatre: Sky

Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Northampton Old Five Bells: The Beat Preachers
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): The Point
Poynton Folk Centre: Graham Cooper
Stockport Brookfield Hotel (lunchtime): Howard The Duck
Wokingham Angle's: Larry Miller Band

Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: The Recliners
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse
Thatcham Silks: Crossfire
Watford Bailey's: The Nolans (for a week)

Barnsley White Hart: Party Day
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Born Loser
Bradford St. George's Hall: Hawkwind
Bradford University: Blue Feather
Bristol Bridge Inn: The Wasters
Bristol Dingwalls: Amazulu
Croydon Fairfield Hall: The Searchers (21st anniversary concert)
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: The Stranglers
Glasgow Dial Inn: Soldier
Hanley Victoria Hall: Sky
Hitchin The Regal: Randy Newman
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Pretty Shades Of Pink
Leamington Spa Hinton's: Occo Sirrocco
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
Liverpool Dingwalls: One The Juggler
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: Alternative Entertainment
London Battersea Arts Centre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
London Battersea The Latchmere: Spy vs. Spy
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Cafe Cabaret
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: The Remarkable Family
London Camden Dingwalls: The Cimarrons
London Camden Dublin Castle: Geraint Watkins & The Domino Brothers
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Expansis
London E.C.1 Air Gallery: The Copy
London Fulham Greyhound: The Remipeds/Primary
London Fulham Kings Head: Basils Ballsup Band
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: The Heavenly Bodies
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London N.4 Charteris Neighbourhood Centre: Nick Evans & Ken Hyder
London N.4 The Stapleton: Dave Ellis Band
London N.W.8 Cockpit Theatre: James Berry/Mario Bayer/Helen Deniston/Taggart Deike/Sue Hubbard
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Sammy Rimington Hot Quintet
London Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: Big Chief
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Lobo
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: Bitelli's Onward Internationals
London Woolwich Tramshed: Tony McPhee Band
Manchester (Aston) Birch Hotel: Howard The Duck
Manchester (Aston) Shades: The Politicians
Manchester The Gallery: Sex Gang Children
Manchester UMIST: Roy Harper Band
Newcastle Dingwalls: Prince Far I
New Romney The Seahorse: Ghost
Nottingham Rock City: Fad Gadget
Nottingham Vito's Bar: Gary Boyle Band
Purfleet Circus Tavern: Gene Pitney
Runcorn Cherry Tree: Saracen
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: Thin Lizzy
Sheffield Polytechnic: Dagaband
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
St. Albans City Hall: David Allan Coe
Totnes Civic Hall: Tony Allen/In The Red
Whitley Bay Filthy McNasty's: Damian

monday 7th
Bath Moles Club: Amazulu
Birmingham Odeon: The Gap Band/Yarborough & Peoples/Goodie
Blackpool Winter Gardens: Sky
Bradford Manhattan Club: The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker
Brighton Sherry's: Fad Gadget/Liquorice Allsorts
Bristol Dingwalls: The Parole Brothers/Kevin Brown
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: Frigidaires
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet: Dagaband
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Lone Wolf
Glasgow Night Moves: Pallas
Greenock Victorian Carriage: Soldier
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds University: The Stranglers
Leicester Horsefair Disco: The Bluebells
London Dingwalls: Cavern/Magic/Perfect Strangers
London Camden Dublin Castle: King Kleary & His Savage Mooses
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Pokadots
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Guilt Edge
London Covent Garden The Canteen: Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson Trio (for a week)
London Fulham Golden Lion: Berlyn
London Fulham Greyhound: Bad Detective/Step By Step
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Judi & The Shades
London Islington Pied Bull: Holloway Allstars
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: A Popular History Of Signs/Ruskin Watts/Sarah Perosach
London N.W.2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
London N.W.8 Cockpit Theatre: Benjamin Zephaniah/Alev/Allan Fisher/Jeremy Silver
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Stan Tracey Sextet/Don Weller/Tony Coe
London Putney Half Moon: Geoff Dunn & Ronnie Johnson Band
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Baby 'n' The Monsters
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Limehouse
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Evelyn King
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: Schell Shock
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
Matlock Baths Pavilion: David Allan Coe
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars

tuesday 8th
Bangor University: Lenny Henry
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Dark Alleys
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Kitty Grime's Trio
Bridgwater Arts Centre: Amazulu
Canterbury Kent University: The Bluebells
Croydon Green Dragon: Fad Gadget
Exeter The Warehouse: Tony Allen/In The Red
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: David Allan Coe
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
Liverpool Warehouse: Sex Gang Children
London Adlib at The Kensington: Fox In Socks
London Battersea The Latchmere: Janie Rowan
London Brentford Red Lion: The Searchers
London Camden Dingwalls: Dolly Mixture/The Gymslips
London Camden Dublin Castle: Jay Stapley & The Chiswick Flyovers
London Camden Palace: Killer Wales
London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wrectangles
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: Wit Of A Banker
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: A Scanner Darkly
London Fulham Golden Lion: Chuck Farley
London Fulham Greyhound: Strategy/Barbed Choir
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Idiot
London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Pied Bull: BANC
London N.W.8 Cockpit Theatre: Michelene Wandor/Tina Reid/Stef Pixner/Maureen Duffy
London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen
London Soho Pizza Express: All Star Jazzband
London Woolwich Tramshed: Cavern
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: Diz & The Doormen
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: The Copy/Deirdre Simpson/Savage Process/The Oblivion Boys
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: Richard Green & The Next Step
Manchester The Gallery: Casablanca Style
Newmarket Cabaret Club: Gene Pitney
Sheffield City Hall: Sky
Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Vibrators
West Bromwich Four Ways: Sub Zero
York Arts Centre: The Plainsmen/Small Talk
York University: Roy Harper Band

wednesday 9th
Aberystwyth University: Lenny Henry



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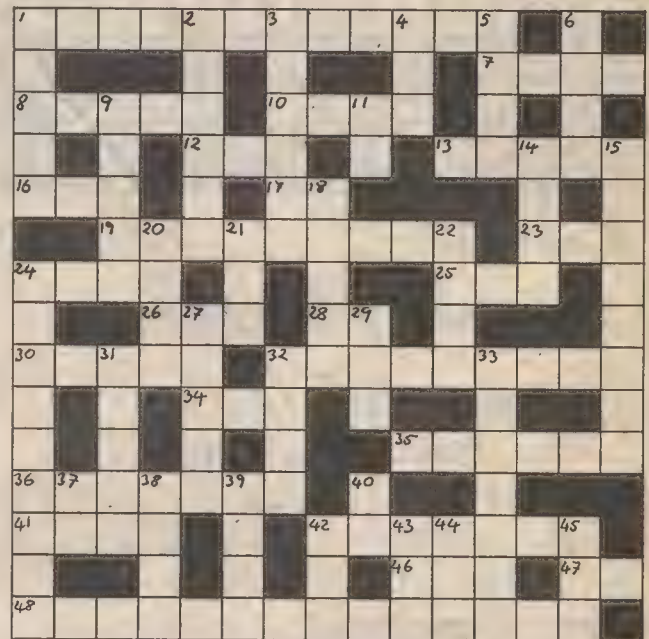
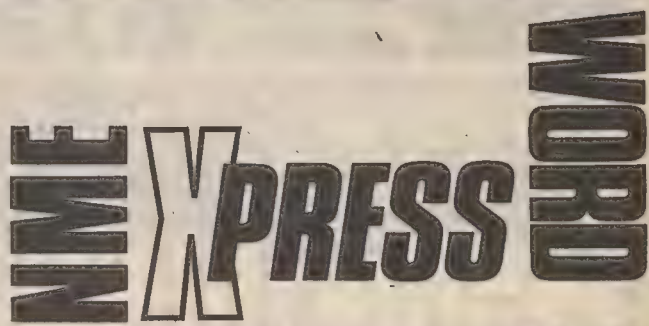
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CLUES ACROSS

1. and 6D. Ex-Genesis man learns all about patience, (3-4-5-4)
7. Rifle through some re-releases for this one (4)
8. Bowie had a wicked sense of humour when it came to naming his son (5)
10. Eating is backward for this Five go Mad in Dorset-type band (4)
12. The breed to be dug (3)
13. The jolly giant of Scritti (5)
16. Of Our Heads/Of the Blue (3)
17. Initials of recently dead once-great pianist (1,1)
19. Chilly Brixton hide-out (3-6)
23. 'I — Her Standing There'... (3)
24. ... (different song) 'Suit — In My Hand' (4)
25. Partial Morse message from Wire (3)
26. Initials of a band that aren't even what they claim to be, which isn't much (another soul searching clue) (1-1-1)
28. And the sequel will be E.T.C. (1,1)
30. DVA's Loop (5)
32. Needed for living in the USA (Lennon had a lot of trouble getting his) (5-4)
34. London venue for exhibitions, gigs and films (1-1-1)
35. The Lord would not be pleased if he heard the Banshees' version (6)
36. Punilux's laughing institution (7)
41. Prominent and once much used part of P. Townshend (4)
42. Who Linda Ronstadt wanted to lay down beside her (7)
46. Love is what you need? (3)
47. War time singing lady, initials (1-1)
48. The Official Strangers' Report on Women in their Natural Environment (8-6)

CLUES DOWN

1. This lot still Start Pisa Cruise (5)
2. Electric/Heartache/Cyprus (6)



COMPILED BY MICHELE NOACH

3. Raw Sex, Pure Energy pleaded a stop to it (3-3)
4. and 33D. The 'Soldier Talk' troop who apparently just faded away (3-7)
5. As in 'of the cat' (4)
6. See 1 Across
9. An electric drummer (5)
11. See 40 Down
14. T.O.H. change direction (4)
15. Tempted to move? (3-5)
18. An easy role for Jack Nicholson (5)
20. Hooker'n'Wah?? (4)
21. Oh! Weren't those four just — (3)
22. Apply 14D. to this paradise. It gets you in a rage (4)
24. What Sally is renowned for (4-5)
27. Those souls in black suits (5)
29. Joe, no longer with us (3)
31. The skirt of last year, or was it the year before? (5)
32. All that glitters is not gold (4)
33. See 4 Down
37. Bad abbreviation (2)
38. Satisfaction a la non-men (4)
39. One of the many things Iggy needs (4)
40. and 11D. The positivist's label (2-2)
42. Who loves it? sung Lou a decade and a half ago (3)
43. Ms. West who has nothing to do with 14 Down, really (3)
44. Dutch Robert Disease (3)
45. The night before Ms Libertine (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 John, I'm Only Dancing, 9 Animal, 10 Wakelin, 12 Can, 14 Jaz, 15 Theatre Of Hate, 17 Cold Turkey, 21 Ska, 23 Marc, 24 Union City Blue, 25 Nat, 27 Ry, 28 See Emily Play, 32 Spyro (Gyra), 34 Richard Strange, 37 AKA, 38 Everybody's, 41 Diana, 43 Leyna, 44 Motors, 45 Monks.

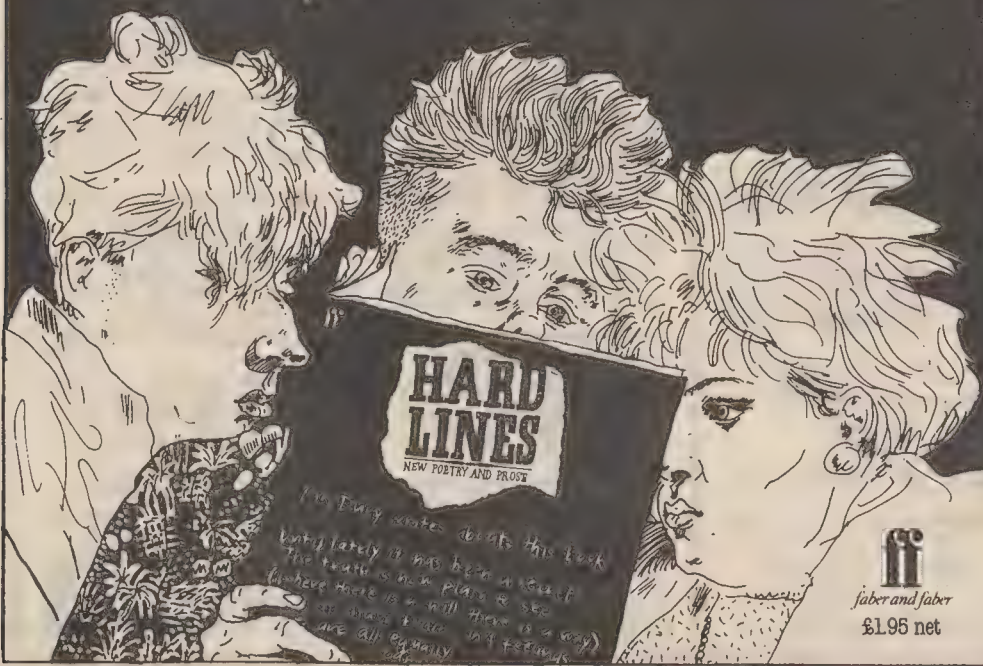
DOWN: 1 Jean Jacques Burnel, 2 Heinz, 31 Can't Stand My Baby, 4 New, 5 All For (Leyna), 6 Can The (Can), 7 Nick Tesco, 8 Ant, 11 Kirby, 13 Bear, 16 (Everybody's) Happy Nowadays, 18 Laine, 19 Kathy (Kirby), 20 Amen, 22 Ella, 26 (New) Amsterdam, 29 Lord, 30 Liar, 31 Gyra, 33 Enjoy, 35 Cream, 36 Sides, 39 BTO, 40 Sly, 42 Ann.

40. and 11D. The positivist's label (2-2)
42. Who loves it? sung Lou a decade and a half ago (3)
43. Ms. West who has nothing to do with 14 Down, really (3)
44. Dutch Robert Disease (3)
45. The night before Ms Libertine (3)

HARD LINES

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SINGLES

from page 17

JEFFREY OSBORNE: On The Wings Of Love (A&M)
JANET JACKSON: Come Give Your Love To Me (A&M)
LUTHER VANDROSS: Never Too Much (Epic) "You are my shining star, my guiding light, my fantasy!" (Vandross). "My heart's on fire with desire! You've turned the spark into a flame!" (Jackson). "You are the sunshine that lights my heart within! I am sure you are an angel in disguise!" (Osborne). Luther, Janet and Jeffrey all wish to thank The Pocket Book Of Handy Dancefloor Love Cliches for its help.

HENRY HALL ORCHESTRA: Waiting At The Gate (Music For Living)

TRIO: Anna (Phonogram)
REGGIE GRIFFIN AND TECHNOFUNK: Mirda Rock (Sugarhill)

GEORGE CLINTON: Atomic

Dog (Capital) Gimmicks maketh the garbage. The Henry Hall record sounds like something out of a strong moment in a 1929 film shown on BBC2 at 1.15 PM on a Saturday during a Henry Hall Star Movie Triple Bill during a six month long Henry Hall season — "a jaunty fossil" says it best. Trio's new record is more *Sprechen Deutsche mit Janet und John*. Mrs Robinson's label sounds right over the Sugarhill with Reggie Griffin's effort — sort of like Ian "Mr M.O.D." MacDonald being strangled underwater — but because of the little piece of paper in the middle of the record — the label is the message! — the wretched thing will probably be hailed as the eighth wonder of the world.

'Atomic Dog' is horrible proof that black soul acts are just as susceptible to the brain-scrambling effects of flattery as white rock buffoons; the most horrific image that this record conjures up is Clinton sitting around

surrounded by flunkies dressed in the best satin and tat that George's royalties could buy, feeding him and watering him and creasing up with crocodile laughter as Clinton gasps — "I got this great idea for a song — about —" (choke, gasp) — "an atomic dog!" "Wow, George, yeah, far out, brother!" Yeuuch! Sounds like Barbara Woodhouse bringing a drug-hungover Sly Stone to heel.

ELVIS PRESLEY: Jailhouse Rock (RCA) A lively release from a promising newcomer. Should do well if he avoids cough mixture, Dutch Svengalis with fake Army titles, fellow Southern crackers who make him think he is King of the Universe, Las Vegas, uniform, a pathological love of firearms, gluttony, B-films, Hawaiian shirts, his blood relatives and dressing up like a transsexual cowboy. With luck, he may yet measure up to our own Dickie Valentine — who knows?

INTERGANGING

FROM PAGE 23

to a state of collapse; a final implosion to create black holes! That is my *Sehnsucht*, my longing. That's the Tanzdebel in me. Siva's dancing! Siva's dancing!"

B LIXA'S FOREWORD to the Geniale Dilettanten manifesto goes like this: "Our music is no longer tones/It isn't important what kind of noises they are/It is only important what it is... on one side the machines function, we are all hostages/In an acoustically dead room there are two tones/One high — the noise of the nervous system at work/And one low — that of the pulsating blood./Or vice

versa./We make no more mistakes... scream yourself to death!/That's more than right!"

If not so prepared, tomorrow will turn out to be just another day.

Select discography:

An Einsturzende Neubauten compilation is currently being prepared for British release by Hardt Records, a subsidiary of the Self Immolation project that brought you Foetus. In the meantime, I'd recommend E.N.'s 'Kalte Sterne' double single and 'Kollaps' LP (Zickzack), plus E.N., Rowland Howard and Lydia Lunch's 'Thirsty Animal' 12" (X); and in addition Christiana's 'Final Church' 12" and Borsig's 'Hiroshima' 12" (both Supermax). All records should be available from Rip Off, Rambachstr. 13, 2000 Hamburg 11. West Germany.

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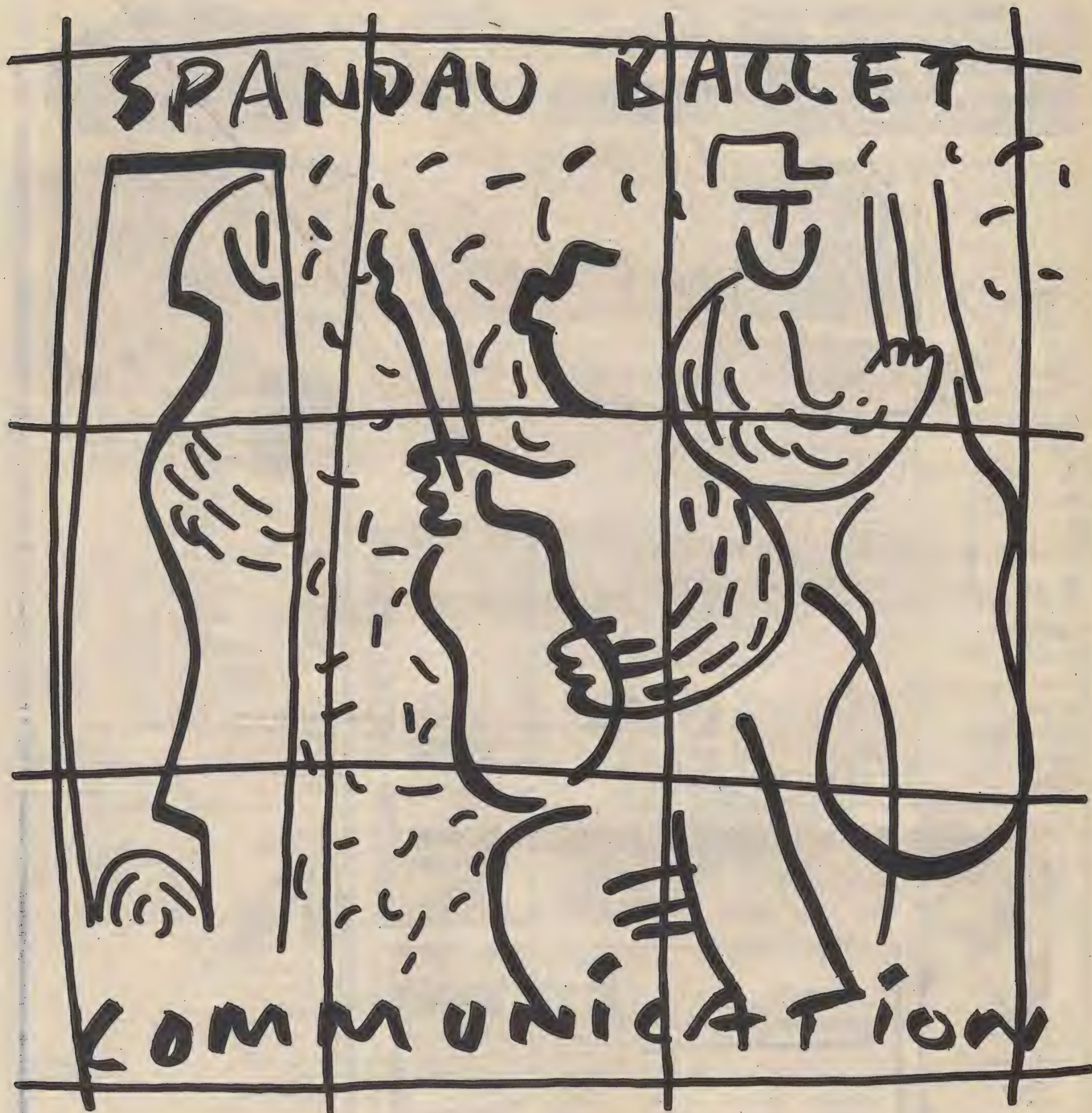
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Without doubt, the words of the New Order — Hook, Albrecht, Gillian and Morris — number amongst the most provocative in the rock dictionary. There's no three ways about it. You can be tight with cynicism, slack with idolatry or causal but smart and simply accept them for what they are: perpetrators of the most evocative and compelling electronic music of our times.

So perhaps we should begin from somewhere in the middle at midnight when the tension crackles, cracks and shatters in celebration as New Order creep stealthily from the shadows and into the thick darkness of the Hacienda stage. I half expect some formal introduction but voicing rock platitudes finds no time and purpose here. I should have known better.

There's been no end to pre-show preamble detailing an overt 'change in direction' involving complex digital equipment imported from Japan, but this is duly quenched as the familiar tones of agitated synth syncopation gather the momentum required to initiate the infectious resonance and Saturnine passion of 'Temptation'. And judging from the three songs showcased from the new album — a killer of a second record according to several reliable sources and due in the racks sometime in March — any projected embellishment or erasure on the traditional New Order plan of action will be reserved wholly for the studio.

Live, though, they continue to build on the foundations laid at last year's Futurama festival — where they actually deigned to grace us with an encore — and resolutely unveil the morose blanket that covered much of 'Movement' with such oppressive, unpalatable noise. New Order are getting hungrier all the time. Peter Hook strangles his bass like a flailing dervish spitting caustic riffs into the vicious, viscous sloth of 'Ceremony'. The way he stands — legs wide apart, knees bent forward — he's either a ridiculous rock caricature of macho exhibitionism or the most compulsive and consummated of figureheads.

In sharp contrast to the hyperactive Hook, the other half of the New Order frontline pouts sullenly as he encapsulates the diehard angry young man to the grim malice of 'Denial'. His hair shaved sudehead close at the back and sides, Albrecht delivers the elegiac trappings of a New Order lyric with seductive melancholia.

For 40 minutes and nine songs — containing no place for 'Everything's Gone Green' — New Order conjure up an unquestionably violent harmony, an electric fusion of four uniquely incompatible elements. But just as they begin — thudding and sudden — so they retire: without encore or clamour. In a sense New Order are a most reactionary rock beast, they challenge no one because they believe in no one but themselves. Just once I'd love to hear them really scream. Until then the cynic will leave with only the glib derision he entered with, the devotee totally sated...and me? I left still convinced that New Order are the only electronic band worth mentioning but wondering how they can be satisfied with being only an electronic band.

Amrik Rai

HANOI ROCKS

Hammersmith Clarendon

ROLL UP, roll up for the greatest rock'n'roll show in Hammersmith, where the louder you scream the faster we go. So are you ready boys? Because tonight the Clarendon Ballroom plays host to those Finnish rebels Hanoi Rocks, who will blitz their way through a glamorous recreation of

those halcyon pre-punk days when the boys looked like girls and the girls just looked. Ah, such nostalgia.

Helsinki's finest exports are steadily making a name for themselves in the more heavily metally mags as being the schlock combo of '83. Intrigued by Scandinavia's response to the rock myth I decided it was time to check out these renegades. And a right bunch of Dum Dum Boys they turned out to be.

Prevailing iconolatr: Kevin Cummins

What you get is probably the most ridiculously delinquent and precisely overstated pastiche of rock'n'roll that is at present doing the rounds. As the Stones 'studied' Chuck Berry, the Dolls ripped off the Stones, likewise Hanoi Rocks chew up the Dolls, spewing out the dismembered and distorted remains with consummate relish.

They do the entire rock'n'roll circus act. This includes playing dodgems with the bassist, hula-hoop with the miked stand, wall of death with the PA system and, at no extra cost to the paying customer, they also throw in twirling drumsticks, cigarettes dangling from the side of the mouth, French kisses and split-second hat adjustment between riffs. Smart.

This is on top of a number of rudimentary kick-ass rockers with titles like 'Teenangels Outsiders', 'Kill City Kills' and 'Dead By Xmas'. Also present, in body if not in mind, were Overend Watts (remember Mott?), Generation X (the two other ones) and casualty

of stage and screen Stiv Bators, just to help you put it all in some kind of context.

However the star of tonight's show ladeez etc, is undoubtedly Michael Monroe (no relation). Weaned and toothed on Steven Tyler, David Johansen and Mick Mick, in that order, Monroe rolls all these characters into one and plays it from the hip and the lip as if he was Freddie Starr desperately reviving his career on TV's *Give Us A Clue*. His ability to communicate and convince easily wins bonus points for his team: Angel McCoy, Sam Yaffa, Razzle and Nasty Suicide. (Not Real Names.)

While the final product remains closer to the daft imaginings of The Comic Strip than to, say, Hanoi's heroes of Sunset Strip, (for all their carousing of cars, cruisin', six packs and cigarettes), the band still succeed in pointing out to the largely partisan crowd that out in the coniferous wilderness, Finns ain't wot they used to be.

Simon F

VERBOSITY!



Prevailing iconolatr: Kevin Cummins

HEADBUTT 100

APB

Edinburgh University

MOST OF those privileged to attend this students and guests only affair seemed more intent on an evening spent in the arms of the John Peel Roadshow than one at the hands of Aberdeen zip-funksters APB. No doubt the Peel presence was behind the sell-out, but if the wee man can help add APB to the current shortlist of popular names to drop, then he's doing his job.

They proved themselves a rare treat. A punchy four-piece outfit housing two percussionists, bass and guitar, they sprang their funk attack at a furious pace, chanting and rapping from song to song and strength to strength. The wild shuffle and thump of the drums, tightly laced with a stong, fluid bass constitutes a full enough sound on its own, leaving a busy guitar time and room to colour in the spaces.

APB will doubtless attract unkind comparisons with Haircut 100 and their ilk, as their dance music has a similar slant to that of last year's Jackie pin-ups in its perkier moments, but there the comparison ends. This band have teeth, and they bite.

For tonight, at least, it was off with the thinking caps and on with the dancing shoes.

Ian Bolton

KURTIS BLOW

Sheffield Dingwalls

INFLUENCED MORE by Habitat than Hacienda, the Sheffield branch of Harvey Goldsmith's Dingwalls opened with a decided simper as yet another so called Stateside innovator demonstrated how tough he really is. In fact, even the numbing non-event that was J. Walter Negro's summer showcase fiasco drowns in insignificance in comparison with the flatulent pretence of Mr Kurtis Blow.

Like they say, there's nothing quite as tragic as the street kid that was... and Kurtis Blow wouldn't recognise a Harlem alley if he drove past one in his maroon Caddy. Although never as astute and caustic as the Sugarhill cognoscenti, he nevertheless rose to prominence, with 'These Are The Breaks', as part of the same radical reaction: a scourge of high-life, complacency and opulence. But Kurtis Blow's innovatory days, on this showing, lasted only as long as it took to wheel himself away from the freaks and the breaks.

Inspiring incredulity from the word 'Ho!', the mock mean street macho initiates the 'We're gonna paaarty all night (even if it bores you mothers shitless)' routine in disconcerting style with a 15 minute introduction — the gist being that the joker in the snow white tinsel flares is indeed Kurtis Blow and that the scratching and spinning of double decker turntables is the responsibility of double jointed Davey D.

The show goes on through indistinguishable whiplash clap traps and drum volleys looped inside out and neatly wrapped up by Blow himself, punctuating the incessant rap stock full of laughable cliches and sentimentality that smacks more of Fat Larry and Rose Royce than any aspirant Grandmaster. Somewhere along the line Kurtis Blow has misread dignity as hollow bravado and celebration as stiff joviality.

Ultimately the end result of Mr Kurtis Blow live is scant more than dithering verbal acrobatics paying lip service to Circus Americana. All together now, 'say yeah.' YEAHH. 'Say hell yeah.' HELL YEAHH. Send in the lions. Please.

Amrik Rai



Blow pic: Kevin Cummins

LIVE!

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Hammersmith Odeon

IT WAS no idle flippancy for this music to begin with one of the most hushed and sacred moments of the liturgy — *per omnia saecula saeculorum* — a snatch of tape preceding a richly tempestuous 'Going Up'. The Bunnymen's mysticism is firmly shrouded in the fear of the altar; their heaven is a purgatory of their own choosing.

It's this tumult of desires, a fascination with a temptation that burns and virtues that lacerate, which ignites the Bunnymen's music. Nobody outside of Verlaine has made the succinctness of the rock guitar group so melodiously volatile in our recent days, and in performance they tauten that jangling energy into a spectacle that grapples ecstatically with the meeting of sound and vision. I can't think of any other group who use dry ice profitably.

Inevitably, McCulloch's resonant tenor is both pop and celestial stairway for the music. Inserting a chorus of 'Light My Fire' into the skin of 'Crocodiles' is a conceit that he just fails to pull off, but it's indicative of the spiralling confidence that shoots through a stage presence visibly awoken by sound. The bashful banter that partitions the songs is displaced by a kind of incantatory trance, a voice tricked into tongues, a body that shivers through a solemn puppet dance.

The supplement to this remarkable presence is a rock sound affrighted by romance, delighted at a form of transcendent despair — a dangerous flirtation, perhaps, yet fired out with such intensity that the scent of death in Mac's poetry is blown right away. The limited stock of Bunnyman gestures is scattered across their finest songs with a clarity and intelligence that turns, say, 'Rescue' from a transparently simple riff theme into something far deeper, voices and guitars overturning each others' shells.

In the breathtaking introduction to 'With A Hip', the billowing epiphany of smokes and ghosts which is 'All My Colours' and the serrated frenzy of 'The Back Of Love', that palette of idiosyncratic strengths makes up some of the most thrilling music to come from an English stage. But if, as their new material suggests, they are discontented with the brilliant candour of their first two records, the uneasy gloom of the latest songs doesn't seem a promising direction. It can't even be called a transition for there seems no point of departure.

'My White Devil', 'Heads Will Roll' and 'Porcupine' are premiered tonight and it's only the lumpen epic qualities of the last named which summon the grandly expressive melancholy they obviously look towards. 'Devil' resembles an



exhausted exorcism of 'A Promise', and 'Heads' is an empty clever use of melody in place of the entirely fresh and unexpected manner of their familiar songs. When 'Porcupine' jolts to an abrupt stop the following rendition of a particularly virulent 'All That Jazz' acts as a palpable clearing of the air.

Maybe we ask too much, but a group setting the standard of 'Heaven Up Here' has an enormous amount to follow. At this moment this is still an extraordinarily detailed and fulfilling set, and if Mac wishes to trade his motley coat for Stygian rags his conviction still rings loud.

Memory will enshrine a tremendous vision: four wafer-boned, strangely askew figures, silhouetted against artificial clouds, driving across an electric music glittering with shards of melody dipped in the most bittersweet of chalices. Heaven beckons: the Bunnymen sing their answering litany, intoxicated with the fear of what lies in wait.

Richard Cook

Echo pix:
Kevin Cummins

PER OMNIA SCALLIA SCALLIORUM

Free Bunnymen LP for first reader to submit correct translation of this headline. (Ex-altar boys need not apply.)



DEMOLITION BLUES

JAMES BLOOD ULMER

New York

JAMES BLOOD ULMER keeps going from strength to strength, consolidating, building, climbing higher.

Tonight's set is an occasion. To the usual trio Ulmer plays with live — himself, bassist Amin Ali and drummer Calvin Weston, he has added David Murray (a "name" in his own right) on tenor sax, Ronnie Drayton on second guitar, Cornell Rochester on second drums, and Irene Datcher on vocals. The intent is to be able to reproduce the full range of the 'Black Rock' album. The effect goes much further.

From the opening notes of 'Open House' it's clear that Ulmer has not been resting. He keeps adding to the intensity of his tone, sweetening and sharpening the vocal quality that truly sings through his guitar.

The expanded line-up gives everyone more room to let loose, and they all seem to take advantage of the fact. The

drumming is manic, furious, both solidly grounded and wildly adventurous. With another guitarist to play against, Ulmer is more lyrical, more expansive, than I've ever seen him. In short, stunning.

There is one failing. 'Family Affair', which revolves around duet singing by Ulmer and Datcher, lacks the smooth flow it needs. Ulmer made a brave attempt at doing what he could with his limited voice, but he really couldn't respond to what Datcher, an excellent singer, was doing. The two of them could have been on separate stages. A shame, because played right the song could have a great poignancy.

But there are absolute killers to make up for that one failure, none more so than 'Love Have Two Faces'. The album version of this is just a sketch for what they do with it live. It starts with 'Blood does the blues', a sneaky demolition job on standard blues playing and singing. It then swings into a full-fledged rock and roll rave up. Ulmer and Drayton charge up an explosion of perfectly synchronized guitar noise, the

best I've heard since Television. Then back to the blues. Then into rock and roll again, with Ulmer scat-singing something that mentioned Jimi Hendrix and B.B. King and Coltrane. And Ulmer is not invoking the names of the gods in vain. He is fast building a right to claim a place among the most exalted company.

It's doubtful that Ulmer will bring this expanded line-up with him on his next visit to Britain, because of the expense. But I'd bet he's going to be showing possibilities of the power trio others wouldn't dare think about.

Richard Gabel

ROMAN HOLLIDAY THE RHYTHM MEN

Whisky Jive, Soho

SO WE'VE got the economic crisis, we may as well have the breadline beat of the '30s and '40s to go with it. As the musical

Burke and Hare brigade grovel deeper into the past for inspiration, it seems as if the long threatened bop and jive breakthrough is finally on.

After Animal Nightlife swinging through the slicker side of the sound of half a century ago, and JoBoxer's bop and boots kicking up a minor storm at the ICA, the misty focus moves to Wardour Street and the opening of the Whisky Jive. A regular Tuesday night slot at the Whisky-A-Go-Go, the Jive is dedicated entirely to bop, jive and swing. Pick up your chewing gum on the door and choose your own jive-talk cliché.

From the sharp observation wit and lilting beat of Louis Jordan to the eternal voices of Billie Holiday and Nina Simone, the music at the Whisky Jive is undoubtedly some of the finest ever made. Until, that is, we come to the live interruptions.

First on The Rhythm Men had facial hair and a square guitar, a poor singer and a rhythm that lurched more than it swung. "That really was appalling," the frontman observed perceptively, after one of their juvenile joke ditties — I need say no more.

Roman Holliday were altogether wilder, staking a convincing claim to at least five minutes of the jive revival's 15. With their grease and grit, leather and shades cool they pulled a fairly ecstatic reaction from the tight packed crowd. With a dash of Dexys blast and a hint of a rockabilly rumble they were stunningly competent but struck ultimately hollow in comparison with their inspiration.

Don Watson



Blood pic: Joe Stevens

KAJAGOOGOO*London The Venue**"ALL ACROSS the land/It's made for the hand..."*

That's an excerpt from Kajagoogoo's 'The Hand'. It's a song all about the, er, human hand actually — and apart from that they've got songs about Poland, white feathers, animal instincts and snowflakes.

The boys themselves are a fine example of just how far modern dentistry has advanced in recent years, and their hair, incidentally, "... is by Toni and Guy".

They've enough gear to sink a ship, enough dry ice to lose one, and appreciation is shown for every quiver; every song that ends in freeze frame pose is greeted with squeaks and squeals from factions who have "travelled from as far as Southampton and Wigan".

If you were to stand in the front row of a Kajagoogoo gig, you might be lucky enough to have your eager little hand clasped by vocalist Limahl as he goes walkabout — caressing a chubby cheek here, blowing a kiss there, what a pro. Enough to melt your Smarties.

But seriously, can you say 'Kajagoogoo' without laughing? Try writing it down; it's the double O's that wear you out.

Regine Moylett

DALEK I LOVE YOU*Liverpool Club Fiasco*

ALAN GILL'S Dalek I vehicle has been around for a long time now, with changes in personnel and a break for his successful trip with The Teardrop Explodes. A couple of delightfully sinister singles and 1980's 'Compass' LP marked them out as among the more promising groups of their ilk, and it seems they were a guiding light for many of today's electronic dabblers, such as Tears For Fears, who cited them twice in their *NME* Consumer Guide.

With their first gig for a year it looks as if Gill is grooming his Daleks for an attack on a chart world that is a sea of mediocrity. The nucleus of Gordon Hon, Kenny Peers and Gill (vocals, synths, guitars) was augmented by friends on fretless bass, percussion and tapes, as well as a few female singers, a drum machine, giant multicoloured balloons, silvery trees, and lashings of dry ice. The stage was a colourful heaving mass of activity, the powerful sound was fuller and more complex than previously, with some new frenzied funk working its way in. It looked pretty, but sounded dreadfully dull.

Whether it's a blatant attempt at accessibility or not, they seem to have taken all the ingredients that have brought success to lesser talents, exaggerated them, performed them perfectly and come up with a glossy nothing music. Only occasionally did they show the shiny pop delights they're capable of: we at least got worthwhile versions of their old classic 'Freedom Fighters' and the last, obviously drug induced single, 'Holiday In Disneyland'.

Hopefully the soon to be released LP will see a move away from tonight's excesses, back to their simple charm.

Kev Mc

SHARON REDD*Bolts, North London*

THE ART OF Camp is simultaneously a sophisticated and a duplicitous thing, potentially either a brilliant device for unsuspected cultural ambush or the ultimate manifesto for spineless stupidity. Sharon Redd has proved herself to be dynamite on disc, but put her on a stage before a crowd who are receptive to, and familiar with, the wicked ways of camp tradition, and witness all the failings of the craft.

Ms Redd's debut tour of this country involves her visiting a series of clubs and discos patronised primarily by gay men. Bolts is such a place, a faintly aged establishment, fully equipped with lights, lasers and video. Its intensely active atmosphere is refreshingly free of that paranoid competitiveness which pervades the more hack-hyped establishments of central London, and the sprinkling of girls and hetero couples mix easily into the scene. Hassle-free hedonism, I've found you at last! All tonight's star guest has to do is unleash the vocal power and proud confidence of her recorded works to set the place alight. With all he backing committed to tape, there shouldn't be a hitch.

But no. Sharon wants to be lurid, shocking, outrageous. As sundry punters let loose in expectation of furious dance, instead they get a fully adult woman, playing at gushing gormlessness, whose tongue is a long way from her cheek. Sharon goo-goos to embarrassing effect. Sharon sticks her bum out stupidly and the odd voice utters "oooh!" Between each wasted number and in each instrumental break, Sharon plays the fluttering fool. 'Can You Handle?' Not really, no.

Dave Hill

BACK TO THE BEAT

JOHN 'EXPERIENCE, MAAAN' COOPER
KEROUAC SQUARES UP TO RANT WITH
SOME POEMS FROM THE ROAD.



Cooper Clarke pic: Leon Morris

JOHN COOPER CLARKE*Chalk Farm Roundhouse*

IN THE face of the rise of rant, how do things stand for the stick insect innovator?

The old favourites are still there, but now 'You'll Never See A Nipple' and 'Health Fanatic', together with his brand new repertoire of jokes, simply stand as comic background to the darker atmospheres of his new material.

Clarke was never going to be a stand-up comic to match recent Little Brother, or a mighty mouth to match SWells. Now, with the Bradford pair doing an admirable job taking those elements of Clarke into realms beyond, the man himself is moving in a direction of his own. He's drawing in behind the shades and setting off down a more introverted path, through stark surrealist landscapes.

Of all the old material, the chilling masterpiece of 'Beasley Street' is the most accurate pointer. With the subtle movement music of The Invisible Girls providing the backing, the likes of 'New Assassins' are road poems for an '80s Britain.

The new material has no joke, no hook line, just an ink-thick atmosphere. Of course, it was the tried and trusted 'Kung Fu International' that had the crowd baying loudest, but behind the security of familiarity, there was a dark threat of the power of the forthcoming album.

Don Watson

JAMES DISKOBOLISK*Manchester Hacienda*

THE STAUNCH, antagonistic and ever so simply named James succeeded in blustering through their edgy rockdream with a good deal more dignity and composure than the preceding Diskobolisk. Ruefully lacking in melody, Diskobolisk opt for the topically introspective soul search, without ever looking more than faceless wooden dolls in Carmel hand me downs.

But where Diskobolisk were too clumsy to be plaintive and too miserable to be anything more, James confront, with a determined exhibition of hard handed noise and rock dramatics — hack and otherwise. Fronted by a scraggy youth twitching and trespassing further into art school exhibitionism than he would care to admit, the fourpiece nevertheless etch out a rugged individuality from taut rhythms and tart aggression.

On the evidence at hand, James deserve a fair amount if not all of the currently circulating gossip, but the truest test of their rabble rousing revelry will not be before the dilettantes of the Hacienda.

Amrik Rai

SOGGY

*ONE THE JUGGLER**Marquee, London.*

IT WAS with genuine interest that I set out to discover One The Juggler. Dismissing the doubts I'd felt on hearing the 'Wild Thing' chord progression of their single, I focussed my attention instead on its prominent brass arrangement, resisting the temptation to cringe at its 'Passion Killer' title. I also ignored the predictions of their press release which promised that I would "... rifle the Thesaurus for descriptive assistance". After all, they have been tipped (like many others) as the band of '83.

But inklings of suspicion crept in when I arrived at the Marquee. Half the meagre audience were One The Juggler regulars, the other half had strolled in like me, on a free ticket.

It's a line-up of four, including ex-Hotrod drummer Steve Nicholls, with founder members Rokko and Lushi, and a guitarist who had been partially consumed by a sheep... from head to navel he was draped in sheepskin rugs. He formed the wacky contingent — treating us to hideously unfunny antics of the heavy-metal-trashing and sticking-out-his-tongue variety. Wadda laff eh?

Bowie spotters would find similarity between Rokko's vocals and the Baron himself, circa 'The Man Who Sold The World', but in general One The Juggler's set was timeless, standard rock, unremarkable bar Rokko's heavy strumming on acoustic guitar, which gave one or two of the numbers a Hispanic flavour. The live version of their current 45 was sadly lacking without a brass section.

Two encores later, I reeled towards the door, trying to hum all these horrors from my consciousness. Embroidered waistcoats, moth-eaten feathers, toothless grins clamping soggy joints, all faded in and out of view. With one foot outside I felt comparatively safe, but an emaciated figure marinated in beer slops clutched my elbow — "Eh, are you a punk or what?" But he was lured away by a skipping companion with a wave of her joss stick.

Regine Moylett

STOOGEEY



James pic: Kevin Cummins

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4th February, 1983.

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Check Jam review 20.1.83.
One lusty winter's morning, whilst reading
Thine sacred rag, did I — to my horror —
Stumble upon an unforgiveable mistake made by my humble liege,
Danny Baker (he of wit more sparkling than spring's sweetest stream, but of intelligence less shallow than winter's muddiest puddle).
He — trying to be wiser than Ian Penman —
Did say (laugh not, for tis true) that 'twas the
Poor Gloucester who drowned in a vat of wine.
Base fool, Baker! Thou has the knowledge of literature comparable only
To that of a three-toed kangaroo fish!
For 'twas poor Clarence who decided to
Go swimming in wine sans his orange arm
Bands to save him in *Richard III* not — as
That surly knave did say — Gloucester in *King Lear*. He — kind sir — did have his eyes plucked
Out and later died a quiet death.
So
Now, not hither, but wither, I must go.
William Shakespeare, Scawthorpe.

"Trying to be wiser than Ian Penman", eh? Setting our sights pretty low, aren't we? (Only a little joke, Lon) — GM.

I am prepared to do for Oban what John Connolly has done for New Barnet. Now, where's the bulldozer?

Yours destructively, Oban, Argyll.

We're all taking our hats off to Richard Cook over here at the moment. It's the least we can do to honour this sensitive young man who to our collective surprise and satisfaction named our country as his tip for the top in 1983. That and his masterful review of Jan Gabarek's new LP a few weeks later has been the cause of not a few happy, blushing faces all indulging in the shape of the things to come. For far too long all things Norwegian have lingered in the twilight zone between total obscurity and deserved recognition. But things are about to change, Oh yes!

Richard has now provided the torchlight needed for the rest of you to finally locate the main light switch that you have chosen to ignore for so long. By the end of the year I expect us to be bathing in the splendid light of your curiosity and interest. Not in the shape of another *NME* fad but an in-depth understanding and yes, recognition of our fantastic country. The 'soundtrack' as you like to call it will be provided by Norway's three really outstanding bands; Fra Lippo, Holy Toy and Third Man. Now keep on searching, friends.
A Gentleman, Nesodden, Norway.

How are things in Norway? Still taking suanas and getting pissed on cheap homemade liquor? Still going to the border to watch the Swedes jump into fjords when things are going slow? Thought so — GM.

"B ushers itself in and Richard Cook has established himself as one of *NME*'s premier quills. His perceptive and witty reviews of jazz, rock and the cinema contributed in no small way (along with Danny Baker's single reviews, CSM's reformed enthusiasm and Benyon's ever accurate and amusing bullets) to my anticipating *NME* with unprecedented expectations last year. One excellent review followed another, each full of intelligent analysis, all placed in the historical context and spiced with healthy smatterings of the famous *NME* wit. In short it appeared that another influential scribe had been unearthed at your HQ.

However last week's interview with Donald Fagen was the second (and more serious) *faux pas* perpetrated by our new 'wunderkind', one which may prove important in Richard's development as a writer whose views are worth seeking out.

November's review of the new Joni Mitchell album left me (and numerous acquaintances) with a

nasty-almost-guilty-taste. A happy Joni will never top 'Edith And The Kingpin' or 'Amelia', but I hope for HER sake that her emotional condition is never again capable of expressing such pain. 'Wild Things...' sees a happy Canuck allowing us to share her joy (what's exactly WRONG with using 'rock drums and guitar' to do so?) balancing the whole affair with a superb final track which poignantly expresses the precariousness of 'true love' and our dependence on its fruits. Listen again, although not a classic in the mould of the "Court...Hissing...Hejira...Don Juan..." quartet you might find more than a few things to enjoy.

As for 'Nightfly Up Against The Wall', I cannot believe that Donald Fagen had so little to say. A back copy of (shock, horror) *Rolling Stone* from 1977 dispelled any fears that one of the notators of '70s America was always at such a loss for meaningful comment and elucidation. No, to this mind the fault lies with Richard's questions. Not that they were inadequate in the normal scribe-star sense, but that they were almost too general in content. I don't doubt that you felt that the questions were wholly appropriate, but speaking as a longtime fan of Becker and Fagen I found there was very little DEPTH to the whole shebang.

Maybe the setting wasn't right (Claridges, forgawdsake?); maybe Donald wasn't in a

GAVIN MARTIN croons along to readers' letters

particularly talkative mood but I felt short changed. I'm sure you wanted to know more, Richard, but I never once got the impression that Donald was anything other than just another subject to you (and you, just another journalist to him). It may not be totally down to your questions but then again anyone who grossly misunderstood 'Gaucho' as "a bloodless computation of 'Can't Buy A Thrill'" must be accountable in some way. The sooner you rediscover the heights and passion AND objectivity of your recent Abba review, the better for all concerned.

Robert Steen.

No-one's going to deny you your right to your views but people who use words like 'wunderkind', 'faux pas' and 'shebang' don't half get up my nose — GM.

Having scrutinised your journal for some nine years and seen so many of this week's things come and go, I appeal for recognition of one of the comfortingly stable elements in this crazy world of rock'n'roll. Having been photographed with a veritable galaxy of stars, the latest being Mr K Rowland, I draw your attention to that well-known figure, the fat bastard at the back. Having seen him week after week, I call upon you to name this man, seek him out, whatever guise he may adopt. If there is a spirit of rock'n'roll then this is clearly your man. Spencer, get on the case!
Michael Wilkins, Hackney.

Sorry to be so late on this one, but *NME* is non-existent around here. A friend recently sent me a cutting from an article written by Alan Marke on the Poetry Olympics where he said he saw me performing and another cutting from Mr Horowitz saying that I did not appear at the aforementioned Olympics. In fact, to put things straight, I was actually suffering from a severe heart stroke caused by a Heartland ad I placed in *City Limits* looking for a fat girlfriend and to which I didn't get any replies.

This being the reason I couldn't attend the Olympics, I am sorry to have disappointed my fans but next time I'll make sure that I get

some replies. I am sure that London is full of nice fat English girls — the problem is to find them. I thought *City Limits* could do the job, next time I'll try *Time Out*.
Alvaro, Zaringerplatz, West Germany.

What are you trying to do — kill off a regular reader?

I roller-skated down to the corner shop to buy the latest edition of *NME*, and then raced home to sit in front of the gasfire and read the best music publication in Gt. Britain today. I flicked through the pages and then fell off the sofa. I hit the carpet in a dead faint!

After many attempts to revive me, my girlfriend finally succeeded by emptying two bottles of brown ale (which by coincidence, we keep in a bucket of cold water under the TV set) down the front of my jeans.

In case you don't know what happens when brown ale is poured down an *NME* reader's

private parts, I'll tell you. It gives one the courage to face anything — even a copy of *NME* without a photo of The Blackstuff Lads shaking hands with Bernard Hill the actor who plays "Gissa Job" Yosser in *Boys From The Blackstuff*.
Dave Price, Surrey.
PS I can see a photo of the Liverpool group on Tony Stewart's untidy desk — under the empty Guinness bottles. Ha hah hah.

It has not been my good fortune to write to you before, but I thought I'd mention your (second) plug in *T-Zers* about The Other Club, N4.

Last time they got plugged they were asking for "bizarre acts" (heh!), now they want groups who sound like Yazoo. There is a good story behind this.
Butchie The Jazz Butcher, Northampton.
Well, I've looked behind this and all I can find is the classified ads — GM.

Do you realise in a few months time 'God Save The Queen' will be in the 'Five Years Ago' Chart? All you 20-25 year olds think about that.
A.J.B., Fleetwood.
We'll be watching and this time it had better get to Number One — A group of grizzled but unrepentant 20-25 year olds.

I happened to be stoned as I read Barney Hoskyns review of 'The Art Of Falling Apart'. I think he was too.
Bertie the cat.
And who said "Soft Cell should have been stoned for recording it" — GM.



Illustration Arthur Brown

Send your letters to GASBAG, NME 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

Julie Felix has been accustomed to using the airport at which I am employed recently and every time she sees me she says 'Hi!'

I didn't recognize her until she had gone (Oh, bum!) and though I resolved to greet her warmly next time I saw her, one of my pals had been stirring it and she ignored me.

I expect she'd agree my new name is appropriate.
Adrian Berk (anag), West Sussex.
PS I could be Dan Air Berk but that would be advertising.
PPS Remember me kindly, Julie. Of course I remember you. You were a super pal when the whole world fell out of my bottom — but with pals like mine (you know who) who needs enemas.
Thanks for everything.
I used to live up the road from Derek Marsden and he'd always speak to me. Anyone remember Derek Marsden? I thought not — GM.

So good old Lee of Imagination isn't going to vote because "They all have something good and they all have something bad". I wouldn't vote for the existing parties if there was a serious alternative, but I'm going to vote because I know that, whether I or Lee vote or not, one of them is going to be the future government and I want to try and make sure it is the lesser of the evils.

Not voting is no kind of protest, it's irresponsible laziness. Political parties don't usually fulfill all their pre-election promises, but it's usually fairly plain to see where their hearts lie. You should check them out for yourselves, and then make the effort of going down to the polling station. If you don't, you've no right to complain afterwards.

By the way, who's Paulo Hewitt? Despite an unfortunate resemblance to a Radio One DJ, his Singles page was really good stuff.

Simon, London.

Exactly, sir. At last! — a letter I entirely agree with. As for this Paulo chap well Paolo and everybody else round here was wondering who he was as well — GM.

Re cover pic 22nd January issue — How long has Errol been eating Readybrek? How come he's got feet like our kid?

ET's brother, Glossop.

This man, is he with the crazy stuff in the head? Does he not know it is a trick camera, yes? — A passing Dutchman.

Your reporter tries very hard to give us the interesting, creative side of Russ Meyer, and to show us his place in the avant-garde of cinema. Clearly, it is difficult to describe Russ Meyer's unpleasant pornography without admitting how destructive and oppressive it really is.

As your reporter says, "Meyer's place in the pantheon of pulp is prominent"; it is prominent anyway for the ghastly, mindless porn to which it reduces sexuality. It is all the more prominent for the zealous efforts of people like you, and of institutions like the NFI which are anxious to win a reputation for open-mindedness and daring.

The effort is really not worth making. Meyer's films may be technically superior to those of other pornographers. Come to that, plastic bullets are technically superior to truncheons. Calling Russ Meyer "amoral" and his sado-masochism "wantonly elemental" does not make either him or his films any the more worthwhile or any less negative.
Teresa Stratford, Women's Media Action.

How an abundance of breasts bouncing around on the screen can be "destructive and oppressive" I don't know. But perhaps, given the size... — GM.

It is towards you I am going in frustrations, it is to your blame my nipples are heaving, my heart is busted. It is Mr Connolly, he is a very big pain to me. I request you to print his face, *NME*. I am not wanting to continue at a very long length, to make no sense and to cause the yawns, like your so ugly Mr. Morley. So all I am speaking is I want the John. Where is the John please?
Lucrezia Borgia-Francis.

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T-ZERS

TRAMPING THE snow-bound streets of London one day, H., in a somewhat pensive mood, finally decided that life was really nothing more than a West End boutique. (H. still used words like boutique); all flashing lights and music but with no true substance behind it. "Yes," thought H., "what a clear insight into the world's complex mysteries."

Picking up his pace H. hurried back to his Ladbroke Grove squat and typed the thought out on an old Rizla packet, relieving himself of the burning angst that had seared his body. That done, H. leaned back on his cushion and contemplated a packet of jelly babies. "Hey," reasoned H. to no one in particular, "if jelly babies of all colours and sizes can live happily together in one box, why can't we humans?"

The idea troubled H. and as he toyed with the cover of his recently acquired **Jerry Garcia** bootleg (three hours of Jerry tuning his guitar upside down in front of the pyramids) the phone suddenly rang. H. let it ring ten times and then began searching for it. Locating it under a pile of old **Furry Freaks** comics, H. nervously picked it up.

"Hi!" said a bright, cheery voice which H. didn't recognise, "I hear you're looking for a way to jump from H.'s really beautiful thoughts on life in general to this week's vibrant, scurrious **T-Zers**. Am I right? Okay then. For the cost of a year's holiday somewhere in the sun, enough dough to gamble in casinos every night and a part in the new **De Niro** flick, I'll give you a few clues." "Great," said H. not really understanding what was happening, "I think I can groove on that."

"Okay," said the voice, "here goes. Dateline last Friday and **David Bowie** was telling BBC's *Nationwide* how "optimism" would be the keyword of his new music for the '80s. Can we now expect a rash of cover versions of tunes like 'Good Times Are Just Around The Corner' and 'Everything's Coming Up Roses' from **Blue Zoo**, **One The Juggler**, **Bauhaus** and their ilk? "Warmer and more humanistic," was Dave's description of his upcoming work. "Less emphasis on the nihilistic kind of statement and the icy one-dimensional thing that I've been working with over the last few years," he added in a sweeping dismissal of his previous five albums.

Nile Rogers is the man who has produced the masterwork

and other musicians include **Tony Thompson**, **Omar Hakin**, **Rob Sabino** and **Sammy Figueroa**. Recorded in New York in just under three weeks, the music is said to be a brilliant mixture of soul and African rhythms with a couple of Lithuanian flutes thrown in for good measure...

DATELINE last Monday, New York, and regular readers of *The New York Times* were again assailed by a full page advert taken out by one **Yoko Ono**. In this particular broadcast to the American people, entitled 'Surrender To Peace', Yoko proposes a "Nationwide Peace Poll to vote for peace versus nuclear holocaust of any size." She states that: "emotional radicalism is power play with emphasis on play," and "sanity is allowing dichotomy, unity is discovering empathy, and harmony is a celebration of polarity."

Arguing strongly for gun control and against the nuclear arms race, Yoko reveals that in '72 **John** and herself had announced "the founding of a conceptual country called Nupotia," where anybody could be a citizen, anybody an ambassador. That Nupotia didn't actually exist doesn't seem to bother her too much. It was a concept she explains, "as were concepts such as France, United States and the Soviet Union..." One day, with the help of us, the people, she hopes to fly Nupotia's flag, the white flag of surrender, with the rest of the colours at the United Nations building. Concluding in floral style, Yoko tells us that: "The Man said, 'half of what I say is meaningless, but I say it just to reach you'. Love Yoko." *T-Zers* asks, "only half???"

Who watched the *NME* item on last week's *Tube*, then? No one? Phew, thank God for that because in that case, apart from a scruffy **Adrian Thrills**, a haggard **Neil Spencer**, a lurking **Cynthia Rose**, a nervous **Paul Du Noyer** and **Charles** 'Man Of The People' **Shaar Murray**, you also missed **Hazel O'Connor**, vivacious blonde intellectual-ette, describing us as late with all the things that count. Apparently we missed the story about her joining **Paul Weller** in a youth **CND** launch. Actually, Haze darling, the reason you didn't see it in last week's *NME* is because we ran it the week before that; that's seven — are we going too fast for you? — seven days before the other papers. Jeez, and people wonder why we get fed up interviewing pop stars...

One person who we probably won't be interviewing in the near future is **Wilson** 'Wicked' **Pickett**. After a trail of arguments, demands for extra money and 35 minute sets throughout his

German tour, things finally came to a head at his final date in Milan. After another 35 minute set the club promoter asked **Pickett** to play a few more numbers. **Wilson** took one look at the promoter, an elderly gent, and went **Yosser** on him, knocking him out and hospitalising him for six days. **Pickett** was arrested, spent the night in jail and on his release hopped it back to the States. On the eve of his projected British tour he was traced down by **Harvey Goldsmith** who spent seven hours on the phone talking to **Pickett** before deciding that the guy was "crazy and totally unprofessional". A quick phone call to Italy would have confirmed that a lot faster we think...

Hard Times One: Fed up with the fame and fortune that his group **Blue Rondo** have brought him, **Christos Tolera** has thrown aside his pop star trappings and is now working as a labourer in Bayswater whilst the rest of his teammates think up a new way of fooling press and public alike...

Clubland Dept: a new scratch 'n' rap watering hole **The Garage** opens at the Whisky A Go Go in Wardour Street on Wednesday, February 2...

FOLLOWING LAST week's *T-Zer* concerning his new group, **Rick Buckler**, ex-drummer with some band called **The Jam**, phoned us aghast that we had already filed it under 'heavy metal'. "It's not," he pleaded, "we're still searching for a new direction. A bit like life really, as H. would say". Questioned as to the name of the group, **Buckler** told us **The Time**. "Quarter past twelve," he joked before we told him that there was already an American group of the same moniker. His jaw dropped and the line went dead...

Good news for heavy metal freaks. The new **Kraftwerk** LP is called 'Technopop' and will be released by EMI in late March or April... More good news for heavy metal fans. Well-known temperamentalist **Klaus Kinski** recently turned down the screen role of **Hitler** in a projected anniversary orientated bio-flick. "I didn't think he was so interesting," **Kinski** told the press, "but I DID think I could have read those speeches altogether more convincingly." **Klaus** is most recently known for his filmed attempt to pilot a large boat across a mountain range to found an opera house in **Herzog's Fitzcarraldo**...

CSM's magnificent 'Boy' **George Orwell** piece in our rather magnificent Xmas issue is set to reappear soonish in pamphlet form. The **ILP** (Independent Labour Party, dummies) have contacted the *NME* for re print permission...

Congratulations and heaps of brown rice to **Joni Mitchell** who

married bassist **Larry Klein** on Nov. 21st in a much private ceremony at manager **Elliot Roberts'** Malibu residence. Clad in white lace, this was **Mitchell's** second wedding. She was earlier married and divorced, under her true name **Roberta Joan Anderson**, from Detroit folkie **Chuck Mitchell**. The knot-tying follows that of 'Miami' **Steve Van Zandt** to **Maureen Santora** (best man one **Bruce Springsteen**) where **Little Richard**, no less, performed the rites, ('The Rites' being a **Springsteen** bootleg currently on sale for \$300.

Meanwhile have **Keef** and model **Patti** actually done it yet??? Got married that is. Apparently the families of the pair concerned are in the dark about the whole affair, whilst from sunny **Musique** the following quote comes flying in from the mouth of one **Mick Jagger**. "Life's wonderful — when you got the right girl". H. loved that...

Hard Times 2: **Bee Gee Andy Gibb** has finally retired from his Broadway starring role in *Joseph And The Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat* after failing to show up for 19 performances, including a dress rehearsal. **Gibb**, earlier fired as co-host of **Americo-TV** rock show *Solid Gold*, has admitted consoling himself from his breakup with **Victoria 'Dallas' Principal** by stuffing as much coke up his nose as is humanly possible. **Victoria**, however, says they split because of **Gibb's** enormous capacity for the foul white stuff. His agent was last quoted as saying "it was Andy's ebullient nature that kept me hoping he'd mend his ways"...

GOOD NEWS for soulboys. Passage have completed their new LP, called 'Enflame'. One of the songs contains no less than six national anthems, four from Britain, America, East and West Germany's. Whether **Nupotia's** anthem is one of the others, we'll just have to wait to see...

UK Decay have reportedly turned down a £30,000 offer from **Phonogram**...

Just what we always wanted: video singles. From mid-February videotics will be able to purchase, for a reasonable £12, a **Human League** video—single containing 'Don't You Want Me?', 'Love Action' and 'Warrior Man'. Other releases scheduled from **Virgin** are **Culture Club** and **Japan**, "and all our other highly visual acts," says **A.**

Spokesman. Does this mean **Faust** as well?...

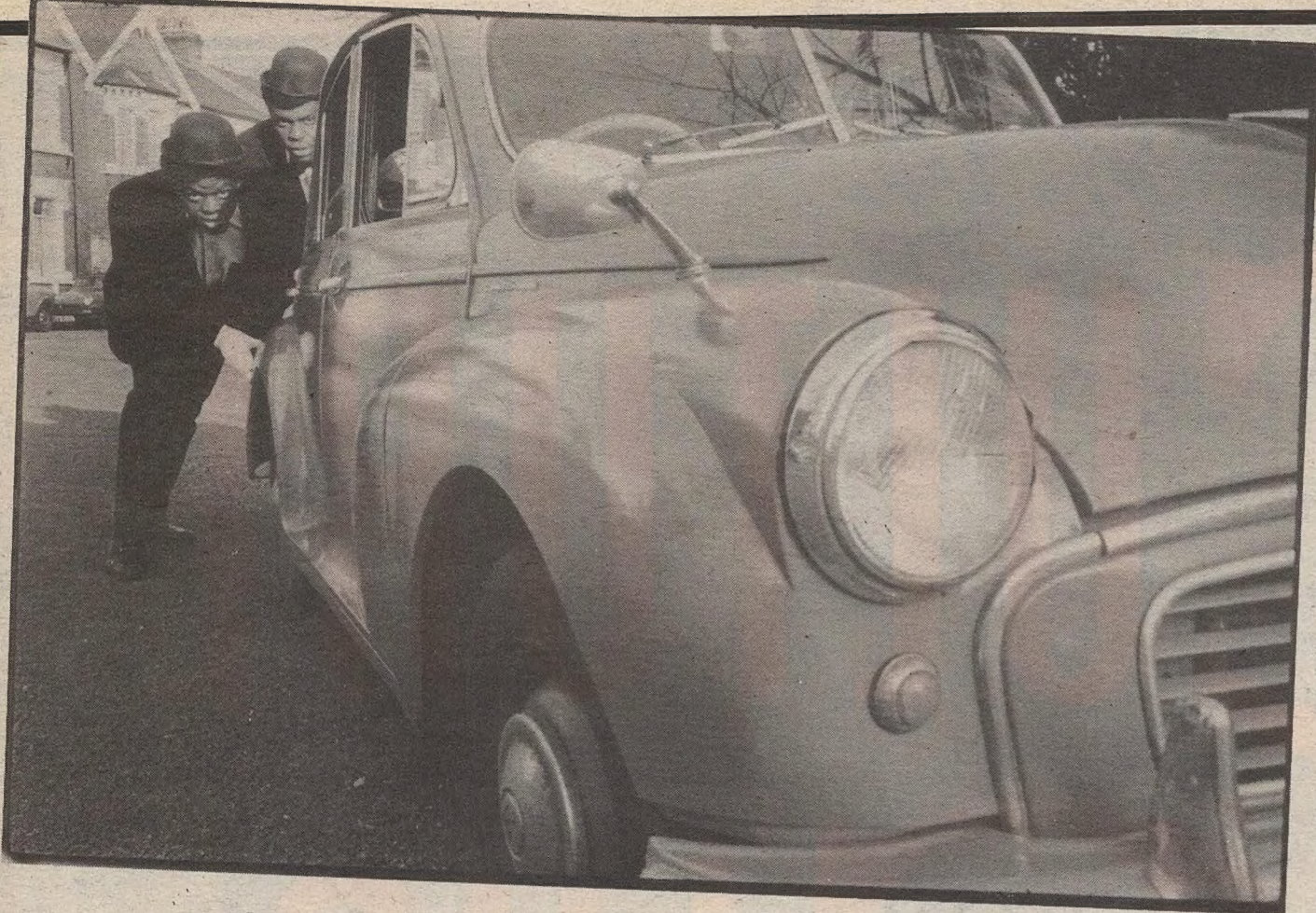
Meanwhile the *NME* **Maxell Expresso Video**—priced at a modest £15.99 for 60 minutes—continues to do healthy business. Keep those cheques coming suckers...

And now, with a flourish of

Laurel: "I told you we should have got a Cortina."

Hardy: "Yeah, but these are easier to open."

Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez



Phil McIntyre presents

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